THE LAND WE LOVE.

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GEN. JOHNSTON'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

H'D-QRS, Army of the Potomac,
Fairfax C. H., Oct. 14th, 1861.

To the Adjutant and Inspector General, Confederate States America:

SIR: I have the honor to submit to the honorable Secretary of War, a report of the operations of the troops under my command, which terminated in the battle of Manassas.

I assumed command at Harper's Ferry on the 23d of May. The force at that point then consisted of nine regiments and two battalions of infantry, four companies of artillery with sixteen pieces, without caissons, harness or horses, and about three hundred cavalry. They were of course undisciplined; several regiments without accoutrements, and with an entirely inadequate supply of ammunition.

I lost no time in making a complete reconnoisance of the place and its environs, in which the chief engineer, Major (now Brigadier General) Whiting ably assisted. The results confirmed my preconceived ideas.

The position is untenable by any force not strong enough to take the field against an invading army, and to hold both sides of the Potomac. It is a triangle, two sides being formed by the Potomac and the Shenandoah, and the third by Furnace Ridge. The plateau thus enclosed, and the end of Furnace Ridge itself, the only defensible position, which, however, required for its adequate occupation double our numbers, was exposed to enfilade and reverse fires of artillery from heights on the Maryland side of the river. Within that line, the ground was more favorable to an attacking than to a defending force. The Potomac can be easily crossed at many points above and below, so that it is easily turned. It is twenty miles from the great route into the valley of Virginia from Pennsylvania and Maryland, by which General Patterson's approach was expected. Its garrison was thus out of position to defend that valley, or to prevent General McClellan's junction with General Patterson. These were the obvious and important objects to be kept in view. Besides being in position for them, it was necessary to be able, on emergency, to join General Beauregard.

The occupation of Harper's Ferry by our army perfectly suited the enemy's views. We were bound to a fixed point. His movements were unrestricted. These views were submitted to the military authorities. The continued occupation of the place was, how-

ever, deemed by them indispensable. I determined to hold it until the great objects of the Government required its abandonment.

The practicable roads from the West and North-west, as well as from Manassas, meet the route from Pennsylvania and Maryland at Winchester. That point was, therefore, in my opinion, our best position.

The distinguished commander of the army of the Potomac was convinced, like myself, of our dependence upon each other, and promised to co-operate with me in case of need. To guard against surprise, and to impose upon the enemy, Major Whiting was directed to mount a few heavy guns upon Furnace Ridge, and otherwise strengthen the position. I was employed, until the 13th of June, in continuing what had been begun by my predecessor, Colonel (now Major General) T. J. Jackson, the organization, instruction and equipment of the troops, and providing means of transportation and artillery horses. The river was observed from the Point of Rocks to the western part of the county of Berkeley—the most distant portions by the indefatigable Stuart with his cavalry.

General Patterson's troops were within a few hours of Williamsport, and General McClellan's in Western Virginia were supposed to be approaching to effect a junction with Patterson, whose force was reported, by well informed persons, to be eighteen thousand men. On the morning of the 13th of June, information was received from Winchester, that Romney was occupied by two thousand Federal troops, supposed to be the van-guard of McClellan's army.

Colonel A. P. Hill, with his own (13th) and Colonel Gibbon's (10th) Virginia regiments, were despatched by railway to Winchester. He was directed to move thence towards Romney, to take the best position and best measures to check the advance of the enemy. He was to add to his command the 3d Tennessee regiment, which had just arrived at Winchester.

During that day and the next, the heavy baggage and remaining public property were sent to Winchester by the railway, and the bridges on the Potomac destroyed. On the morning of the 15th, the army left Harper's Ferry for Winchester, (the force had been increased by three regiments since the 1st of June) and bivouacked four miles beyond Charlestown. On the morning of the 16th, intelligence was received that General Patterson's army had crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, also that the United States force at Romney had fallen back. A courier from Richmond brought a despatch authorizing me to evacuate Harper's Ferry at my discretion.

The army was ordered to gain the Martinsburg turnpike, by a flank movement to Bunker's Hill, in order to place itself between Winchester and the expected advance of Patterson. On hearing of this, the enemy recrossed the river precipitately. Resuming my first direction and plan, I proceeded to Winchester. There the army was in position to oppose either McClellan from the west, or Patterson from the northeast, and to form a junction with General Beauregard when necessary.—Lieutenant Colonel George Stewart, with his Maryland battalion, was sent to Harper's Ferry to bring off some public property said to have been left. As McClellan was moving southwestward from Grafton, Colonel Hill's command was withdrawn from Romney.—The defence of that region of country was entrusted to Colonel McDonald's regiment of cavalry.—Intelligence from Maryland indicating another movement by Patterson, Colonel Jackson, with his brigade, was sent to the neighborhood of Martinsburg to support

Colonel Stuart. The latter officer had been placed in observation on the line of the Potomac with his cavalry. His increasing vigilance and activity was relied on to repress small incursions of the enemy, to give intelligence of invasion by them, and to watch, harass and circumscribe their every movement. Colonel Jackson was instructed to destroy such of the rolling stock of the Baltimore and Ohio rail-road as could not be brought off, and to have so much of it as could be made available to our service brought to Winchester. Major Whiting was ordered to plan defensive works, and to have some heavy guns on navy carriages mounted. About twenty five hundred militia, under Brigadier General Carson, were called out from Frederick and the neighboring counties, to man them.

On the 2d of July, General Patterson again crossed the Potomac. Colonel Jackson fell back before him. In retiring, he gave him a severe lesson, in the affair at Falling Waters. With a battalion of the Virginia regiment (Harper's,) and Pendleton's battery of field artillery, he engaged the enemy's advance. Skillfully taking a position where the smallness of his force was concealed, he engaged them for a considerable time, inflicting a heavy loss, and retired when about to be outflanked, scarcely losing a man, but bringing off forty five prisoners.

Upon this intelligence the army strengthened by the arrival of General Bee and Colonel Elzey, and the 9th Georgia regiment, was ordered forward to the support of Jackson. It met him at Darksville, six miles from Martinsburg, where it took up a position for action, as General Patterson, it was supposed, was closely following Colonel Jackson. We waited for him in this position four days, hoping to be attacked by an adversary at least double our number, but unwilling to attack him in a town so defensible as Martinsburg, with its solid buildings and enclosures of masonry.—Convinced at length that he would not approach, I returned to Winchester, much to the disappointment of our troops, who were eager for battle with the invaders. Colonel Stuart, with his cavalry, as usual, remained near the enemy.

Before the 15th of July, the enemy's force, according to the best intelligence to be obtained, amounted to about thirty two thousand. Ours had been increased by eight southern regiments. On the 15th of July Colonel Stuart reported the advance of General Patterson from Martinsburg. He halted, however, at Bunker's Hill, nine miles from Winchester, where he remained on the 16th.

On the 17th, he moved his left to Smithfield. This created the impression that he intended to attack us on the south, or was merely holding us in check, while General Beauregard should be attacked at Manassas by Gen. Scott.

About one o'clock on the morning of July 18th, I received from the Government a telegraphic dispatch, informing me that the Northern army was advancing upon Manassas, then held by General Beauregard, and directing me, if practicable, to go to that officer's assistance, sending my sick to Culpepper Court-house. In the exercise of the discretion conferred by the terms of the order, I at once determined to march to join General Beauregard. The best service which the army of the Shenandoah could render, was to prevent the defeat of that of the Potomac. To be able to do this, it was necessary, in the first instance, to defeat general Patterson, or to elude him. The latter course was the most speedy and certain, and was therefore adopted. Our sick, nearly seventeen hundred in number, were provided for in Winchester. For the defence of that place, the

militia of Generals Carson and Meem seemed ample; for I thought it certain that General Patterson would follow my movement, as soon as he discovered it. Evading him, by the disposition made of the advance guard under Colonel Stuart, the army moved through Ashby's Gap to Piedmont, a station of the Manassas Gap railroad. Hence, the infantry were to be transported by the railway, while the cavalry and artillery were ordered to continue their march. I reached Manassas about noon on the 20th, preceded by the 7th and 8th Georgia regiments, and by Jackson's brigade, consisting of the 2d, 4th, 5th, 27th and 33d Virginia regiments. I was accompanied by General Bee, with the 4th Alabama, the 2d and two companies of the 11th Mississippi. The president of the rail-road company had assured me that the remaining troops should arrive during the day.

I found General Beauregard's position too extensive, and the ground too densely wooded and intricate, to be learned in the brief time at my disposal, and therefore determined to rely upon his knowledge of it, and the enemy's positions. This I did readily, from full confidence in his capacity.

His troops were divided into eight brigades, occupying the defensive line of Bull Run. Brigadier General Ewell's was posted at the Union Mills Ford; Brigadier General D. R. Jones's at McLean's ford; Brigadier General Longstreet's at Blackburn's ford, Brigadier General Bonham's at Mitchell's ford; Colonel Cocke's at Ball's ford, some three miles above; and Colonel Evans, with a regiment and battalion, formed the extreme left at the Stone Bridge. The brigades of Brigadier General Holmes, and Colonel Early, were in reserve, in rear of the right. I regarded the arrival of the remainder of the army of the Shenandoah during the night as certain, and Patterson's junction with the Grand Army on the 22nd as probable. During the evening it was determined, instead of remaining in the defensive positions then occupied, to assume the offensive, and attack the enemy before such a junction.

General Beauregard proposed a plan of battle, which I approved without hesitation. He drew up the necessary order during the night, which was approved formally by me at half past four o'clock, on the morning of the 21st. The early movements of the enemy on that morning, and the non-arrival of the expected troops, prevented its execution. General Beauregard afterwards proposed a modification of the abandoned plan—to attack with our right, while the left stood on the defensive. This, too, became impracticable, and a battle ensued, different in place and circumstance from any previous plan on our side. Soon after sunrise, on the morning of the 21st, a light cannonade was opened upon Colonel Evans' position; a similar demonstration was made against the centre soon after, and strong forces were observed in front of it and of the right. About eight o'clock, General Beauregard and I placed ourselves on a commanding hill in rear of General Bonham's left.—Near nine o'clock the signal officer, Captain Alexander, reported that a large body of troops was crossing the valley of Bull Run, some two miles above the bridge. General Bee, who had been placed near Colonel Cocke's position, Colonel Hampton, with his legion, and General Jackson, from a point near General Bonham's left, were ordered to hasten to the left flank. The signal officer soon called our attention to a heavy cloud of dust to the northwest, and about ten miles off, such as the march of an army would raise. This excited apprehension of General Patterson's approach.

The enemy, under cover of a strong demonstration on our right, made a long detour through the woods on his right, crossed Bull Run two miles above our left, and threw himself upon the flank and rear of our position. This movement was fortunately discovered in time for us to check its progress, and ultimately to form a new line of battle nearly at right angles with the defensive line of Bull Run. On discovering that the enemy had crossed the stream above him, Colonel Evans moved to his left eleven companies and two field pieces, to oppose his advance, and disposed his little force under cover of the wood, near the intersection of the Warrenton turnpike and the Sudley road.—Here he was attacked by the enemy in immensely superior numbers, against which he maintained himself with skill and unshrinking courage. General Bee, moving towards the enemy, guided by the firing, had, with a soldier's eye, selected the position near the Henry House, and formed his troops upon it. They were the 7th and 8th Georgia, 4th Alabama, 2d Mississippi, and two companies of the 11th Mississippi regiments, with Imboden's battery. Being compelled, however, to sustain Colonel Evans, he crossed the valley and formed on the right and somewhat in advance of his position. Here the joint force, little exceeding five regiments, with six field pieces, held the ground against about fifteen thousand United States troops for an hour, until, finding themselves outflanked by the continually arriving troops of the enemy, they fell back to General Bee's first position, upon the line of which, Jackson, just arriving, formed his brigade and Stanard's battery. Colonel Hampton, who had by this time advanced with his legion as far as the turnpike, rendered efficient service in maintaining the orderly character of the retreat from that point; here fell the gallant Lieutenant Colonel Johnson, his second in command.

In the meantime, I awaited with General Beauregard, near the centre, the full development of the enemy's designs. About 11 o'clock, the violence of the firing on the left indicated a battle, and the march of a large body of troops from the enemy's centre towards the conflict, was shown by clouds of dust. I was thus convinced, that his great effort was to be made with his right. I stated that conviction to General Beauregard, and the absolute necessity of immediately strengthening our left as much as possible. Orders were, accordingly, at once, sent General Holmes and Colonel Early, to move with all speed to the sound of the firing, and to General Bonham to send up two of his regiments and a battery. General Beauregard and I then hurried at a rapid gallop to the scene of action, about four miles off. On the way, I directed my chief of artillery, Colonel Pendleton, to follow with his own and Alburtis's batteries. We came not a moment too soon. The long contest, against five-fold odds and heavy losses, especially of field officers, had greatly discouraged the troops of General Bee and Colonel Evans. Our presence with them under fire, and some example, had the happiest effect on the spirit of the troops. Order was soon restored, and the battle re-established, to which the firmness of Jackson's brigade greatly contributed.—Then, in a brief and rapid conference, General Beauregard was assigned to the command of the left, which, as the younger officer, he claimed, while I returned to that of the whole field. The aspect of affairs was critical, but I had full confidence in the skill and indomitable courage of General Beauregard, the high soldierly qualities of Generals Bee and Jackson, and

Colonel Evans, and the devoted patriotism of their troops. Orders were first dispatched to hasten the march of General Holmes', Col. Early's, and General Bonham's regiments. General Ewell was also directed to follow with all speed. Many of the broken troops, fragments of companies, and individual stragglers, were reformed and brought into action, with the aid of my staff, and a portion of General Beauregard's. Colonel (Governor) Smith, with his battalion, and Colonel Hunton, with his regiment, were ordered up to reinforce the right. I have since learned that General Beauregard had previously ordered them into the battle. They belonged to his corps. Colonel Smith's cheerful courage had a fine influence, not only upon the spirit of his own men, but upon the stragglers from the troops engaged. The largest body of these, equal to about four companies, having no competent field officer, I placed under command of one of my staff, Colonel F. J. Thomas, who fell, while gallantly leading it against the enemy. These reinforcements were all sent to the right, to re-establish, more perfectly, that part of our line. Having attended to these pressing duties, at the immediate scene of conflict, my eye was next directed to Colonel Cocke's brigade, the nearest at hand. Hastening to his position, I desired him to lead his troops into action. He informed me, however, that a large body of the enemy's troops, beyond the stream and below the bridge, threatened us from that quarter. He was, therefore, left in his position.

My headquarters were now established near the Lewis House. From this commanding elevation, my view embraced the position of the enemy beyond the stream, and the approaches to the Stone Bridge, a point of especial importance. I could also see the advances of our troops, far down the valley, in the direction of Manassas, and observe the progress of the action and the manœuvres of the enemy. We had now sixteen guns, two hundred and sixty cavalry, and a little above nine regiments of the army of the Shenandoah; and six guns, and less than the strength of three regiments, of that of the Potomac, engaged with about thirty five thousand United States troops, amongst whom, were full three thousand men of the old regular army. Yet, this admirable, and brave infantry and cavalry, lost no foot of ground. For nearly three hours they maintained their position, repelling five successive assaults, by the heavy masses of the enemy, whose numbers enabled him continually to bring up fresh troops, as their preceding columns were driven back.—Colonel Stuart contributed to one of these repulses, by a well timed and vigorous charge on the enemy's right flank, with two companies of his cavalry. The efficiency of our infantry and cavalry, might have been expected from a patriotic people, accustomed, like ours, to the management of arms and horses, but that of the artillery, was little less than wonderful. They were opposed to batteries far superior in number, range and equipment of their guns, with educated officers, and thoroughly instructed soldiers. We had but one educated artillerist, Colonel Pendleton —that model of a christian soldier —yet they exhibited as much superiority to the enemy in skill as in courage. Their fire was superior, both in rapidity and precision.

About two o'clock, an officer of General Beauregard's Adjutant General's Office, galloped from Manassas, to report to me that a United States army had reached the line of the Manassas Gap rail road, was marching towards us, and then but three or four miles from our left flank. The expected

reinforcements appeared soon after. Colonel Cocke was then desired to lead his brigade into action, to support the right of the troops engaged, which he did with alacrity and effect. Within a half hour, the two regiments of Gen. Bonham's brigade, (Cash's and Kershaw's) came up, and were directed against the enemy's right, which he seemed to be strengthening. Fisher's North Carolina regiment was, soon after, sent in the same direction. About three o'clock, while the enemy seemed to be striving to outflank and drive back our left, and thus separate us from Manassas, General E. K. Smith arrived, with three regiments of Elzey's brigade. He was instructed to attack the right flank of the enemy, now exposed to us. Before the movement was completed, he left, severely wounded. Colonel Elzey at once taking command, executed it with great promptitude and vigor. General Beauregard rapidly seized the opportunity thus afforded him, and threw forward his whole line. The enemy was driven back from the long contested hill, and victory was no longer doubtful. He made yet another attempt to retrieve the day. He again extended his right, with a still wider sweep, to turn our left. Just as he reformed, to renew the battle, Colonel Early's three regiments came upon the field. The enemy's new formation exposed his right flank even more than the previous one. Colonel Early was, therefore, ordered to throw himself directly upon it, supported by Colonel Stuart's cavalry, and Beckham's battery. He executed this attack bravely and well, while a simultaneous charge was made by General Beauregard in front. The enemy was broken by this combined attack. He lost all the artillery which he had advanced to the scene of the conflict. He had no more fresh troops to rally on, and a general route ensued. Instructions were instantly sent to General Bonham, to march by the quickest route to the turnpike, to intercept the fugitives; and to General Longstreet, to follow as closely as possible upon the right. Their progress was checked by the enemy's reserve, and by night, at Centreville.—Schenck's brigade made a slight demonstration towards Lewis's ford, which was quickly checked by Holmes's brigade, which had just arrived from the right. His artillery, under Captain Walker, was used with great skill.

Colonel Stuart pressed the pursuit on the enemy's principal line of retreat, Sudley Road. Four companies of cavalry, under Colonel Radford and Lieutenant Colonel Munford, which I had held in reserve, were ordered to cross the stream at Ball's ford, to reach the turnpike, the line of retreat of the enemy's left. Our cavalry found the roads encumbered with dead and wounded, (many of whom seemed to have been thrown from wagons,) arms, accoutrements and clothing.

A report came to me from the right, that a strong body of United States troops was advancing upon Manassas. General Holmes, who had just reached the field, and General Ewell on his way to it, were ordered to meet this unexpected attack. They found no foe, however. Our victory was as complete as one gained by infantry and artillery can be. An adequate force of cavalry would have made it decisive. It is due under Almighty God, to the skill and resolution of General Beauregard, the admirable conduct of Generals Bee, E. K. Smith and Jackson, and of Colonels (commanding brigades) Evans, Cocke, Early and Elzey, and the courageous and unyielding firmness of our patriotic volunteers. The admirable character of our troops is incontestibly proved by the result of this battle; especially when it is remembered

that little more than six thousand men of the army of the Shenandoah, with sixteen guns, and less than two thousand of that of the Potomac, with six guns, for full five hours successfully resisted thirty five thousand United States troops, with a powerful artillery, and a superior force of regular cavalry. Our forces engaged, gradually increasing during the remainder of the contest, amounted to but ——— men at the close of the battle. The brunt of this hard fought engagement fell upon the troops who held their ground so long, with such heroic resolution. The unfading honor which they won, was dearly bought with the blood of many of our best and bravest. Their loss was far heavier, in proportion, than that of the troops coming later into action. Every regiment and battery engaged performed its part well. The commanders of brigades have been already mentioned. I refer you to General Beauregard's report, for the names of the officers of the army of the Potomac, who distinguished themselves most.—I cannot enumerate all of the army of the Shenandoah, who deserve distinction, and will confine myself to those of high rank. Colonels Bartow and Fisher, (killed,) Jones, (mortally wounded,) Harper, J. F. Preston, Cummings, Falkner, Gartrell and Vaughan; J. E. B. Stuart, of the cavalry, and Pendleton of the artillery, Lieutenant Colonel Echols, Lightfoot, Lackland, G. H. Stewart and Gardner. The last named gallant officer was severely wounded.

The loss of the army of the Potomac was, 108 killed, 510 wounded, 12 missing. That of the army of the Shenandoah was, 270 killed, 979 wounded, 18 missing.

Total killed, - - - -	378
" wounded, - - - -	1,489
" missing, - - - -	30

That of the enemy could not be ascertained. It must have been between four and five thousand. Twenty eight pieces of artillery, about five thousand muskets, and nearly five hundred thousand cartridges, a garrison flag and ten colors were captured on the field or in the pursuit. Besides these, we captured sixty-four artillery horses, with their harness, twenty-six wagons, and much camp equipage, clothing, and other property, abandoned in their flight.

The officers of my staff deserve high commendation for their efficient and gallant services during the day and the campaign, and I beg leave to call the attention of the Government to their merits.—Major W. H. C. Whiting, Chief Engineer, was invaluable to me, for signal ability in his profession, and for his indefatigable activity before and in the battle. Major McClean, Chief Quartermaster, and Major Kearsley, Chief Commissary, conducted their respective departments with skill and energy. Major Rhett, A. A. General, who joined me only the day before, was of great service. I left him at Manassas, and to his experience and energy I entrusted the care of ordering my troops to the field of battle as they should arrive, and forwarding ammunition for the artillery during the action.—Captain C. M. Fauntleroy, C. S. Navy, T. L. Preston, A. A. A. General, and Lieutenant J. B. Washington, A. D. C., conveyed my orders bravely and well, on this their first field, as did several gallant gentlemen who volunteered their services—Colonel Cole of Florida, Major Deas of Alabama, Colonel Duncan of Kentucky.—Lieutenant Beverly Randolph, C. S. Navy, aided Col. F. J. Thomas in the command of the body of troops he led into action, and fought with gallantry. With these was my gallant friend, Captain Barlow Mason, who was mortally wounded. I have already mentioned the brave death of ord-

nance officer Colonel F. J. Thomas. I was much indebted, also, to Colonels J. J. Preston, Manning, Miles, and Chisholm, and Captain Stevens, of the Engineer Corps, members of General Beauregard's staff, who kindly proffered their services, and rendered efficient and valuable aid, at different times during the day. Colonel G. W. Lay, of General Bonham's staff, delivered my instructions to the troops sent in pursuit and to intercept the enemy, with much intelligence and courage.

It will be remarked that the three Brigadier Generals of the army of the Shenandoah, were all wounded. I have already mentioned the wound of Gen. Smith. General Jackson, though painfully wounded early in the day, commanded his brigade to the close of the action. General Bee after great exposure at the commencement of the engagement, was mortally wounded, just as our reinforcements were coming up.

The apparent firmness of the United States troops at Centreville, who had not been engaged, which checked our pursuit; the strong forces occupying the works near Georgetown, Arlington and Alexandria; the certainty, too, that General Patterson, if needed, would reach Washington, with his army of thirty thousand men, sooner than we could; and the condition and the inadequate means of the army in ammunition, provisions and transportation, prevented any serious thoughts of advancing against the capital. It is certain that the fresh troops within the works were, in number, quite sufficient for their defence; if not, General Patterson's army would certainly reinforce them soon enough.

This report will be presented to you by my Aid-de-Camp, Lieutenant J. B. Washington, by whom, and by General Beauregard's Aid, Lieutenant Ferguson, the captured colors are transmitted to the War Department. Most respectfully, your ob't serv't.

(Signed) J. E. JOHNSTON,
General.

(Official)
R. H. CHILTON, A. A. General.

HOME LIFE.—Even as the sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays, the home light must be constituted of little tendernesses, kindly looks, sweet laughter, gentle words, loving counsels; it must not be like the torch-blaze of unnatural excitement, which is easily quenched, but like the serene, chastened light which burns as safely in the dry east wind as in the stillest atmosphere. Let each bear the other's burden the while; let each cultivate the mutual confidence which is a gift capable of increase and improvement, and soon it will be found that kindliness will spring up on every side, displacing constitutional unsuitability, want of mutual knowledge, even as we have seen sweet violets and primroses dispelling the gloom of the gray sea-rocks.

VASTNESS OF THE UNIVERSE.—If we suppose the earth reduced to the size of the smallest mustard seed, and the sun to the size of a walnut, their proportionate distance from each other would be 8 feet, and the solar system would be contained within about an acre of ground. The nearest fixed star in this proportion would be, *one thousand miles distant;* the north star would be as far as *India*, and small telescopic stars as distant as the moon now is!—*Country Gent.*

COUNT HUGO.

A BALLAD FOR THE TIMES.

Once,—so runs an ancient legend,—
Fast beside the castled Rhine,
Dwelt a Baron, bold and fearless,
Haughtiest of his haughty line.

When upheld by feudal minions,
Forth he sallied from his hold,
Many a peasant's cheek grew pallid—
Many a mother's heart grew cold.

Ruthlessly the fierce marauder
Drained their scant resources dry;
All was lost—the fleece—the vintage,
If it pleased Count Hugo's eye.

Who were they that dared oppose him?
They, a weak and hapless band,
Feared to match their strength against him—
Quailed beneath his mailéd hand.

Long they bore his lawless rapine—
Long they saw their fields despoiled—
Long beheld the harvests trampled,
Where their weary hands had toiled.

Many a time by pandering vassals,
Flocks were rifled from the fold;
Many a time the petted chamois,
Had been loosened from its hold.

Oft at sound of harness'd horsemen,
Trembling matrons caught from view
All the fairest of their darlings;
—'What if he should seize *them* too!'

But at length there came a night-fall;
From the Rhenish mountain-top,
Scarce the last, red ray had faded,
Ere there flew from lip to lip,

Tidings startling—tidings fearful,
Ringing down the vallies wild;
—From the widow's lonely *chalet*,
Had been snatched her only child.

"Rouse, ye Switzers! to the rescue!
By our hopes for those we love,
From the vulture's bloody talons,
Let us wrest the fluttering dove!"

Such the words that woke the echoes—
  Such the burden of the tale,
As it swept, a fiery current
  Kindling all the quiet vale.

"Ho! ye men of stalwart courage,
  Steadfast as your Alpine rock,
Make ye ready for the onset—
  Gird yourselves to bide the shock!

"We will beard and brave Count Hugo—
  We will drag him from his den:
Dastard despot!—dare he meet us?
  We are fathers!—we are men!

"We will tear him from his wassail;
  Blood shall mingle with his wine:
We will dash him from his ramparts,
  Headlong in the rushing Rhine!

"Say not that ye want for weapons,
  Bring the scythe, and bring the maul;
Bring the broad blade of the hunter—
  Ye shall find there's use for all.

"Let his seneschals withstand us—
  What can stem our fury's might,
When it rises like a whirlwind—
  Rises to avenge the right!"

Onward rolled the stormy impulse,
  Every sinewy artizan
Clenched his iron hand defiant—
  'Twixt his teeth the threatening ran;—

"We are ready!—from his bulwarks,
  Down shall every stone be hurled,
And the tyrant who has scourged us,
  Shall be hunted from the world!"

On they marched,—and stern and steady
  Fell the ruthless, vigorous blows,
Till the embattled bastions yielded,
  And they faced their hated foes.

Then outburst their frantic vengeance,—
  "Show no mercy!"—was the cry;
"They have earned the fate of felons,
  And like felons, let them die!"

—When across the Rhenish mountains,
  Broke the morning's rosy smile,
Where had frowned Count Hugo's castle,
  Yawned a black and roofless pile.

But the direful retribution
Did not seal its sentence here;
And the peasants told the story—
Crouching round the fires in fear.

Told how in the ghostly midnight,
Midst the gorges, they had seen
Oft a haggard, hurrying spectre,
With a demon's scowl and mien:

That it fled pursued, affrighted,
Looking horror-stricken back,
As a Nemesis-like phantom
Ever followed on its track:—

That the phantom was a maiden,
And one pale, uplifted hand
Held a scourge, while high the other
Tossed a bright and blazing brand:

That they heard its imprecations,
Muttered moans and shriekings wild;
And they shuddered,—"Tis Count Hugo,
Haunted by the widow's child!"

——Thus it runs—that quaint old legend;
Yet there's meaning in the lay;
For a fiercer than Count Hugo,
Riots through the land to-day.

He, a despot false, relentless,
Fast beside the peopled stream,
Rears his grim and grated fortress,
Strong with welded bolt and beam.

Reckless are his base retainers,
Mad of brain—a rabble crew;
Well the warmest blood may curdle,
At the desperate deeds they do.

Truth and honor—they are baubles
All unworth the picking up;
Costlier pearls than Cleopatra's
He dissolves within his cup.

Rank and greatness, name and station,
Guerdon of our fathers' toil—
Hear his envious tongue malign them—
See him trample, spurn, despoil!

In the madness of his revels,
Blood his ranc'rous nature craves,

And with brutal hand he spills it,
Till the land is ridged with graves.

And he plies with sneer and laughter,
Undismayed, his fiendish arts,
Mocking at the sobs of orphans—
Jeering widows' broken hearts.

With a clutch unclean, unholy,
Freedom's self he hath defiled,
Till the heart that gave her being,
Scarce can own the lawless child!

And the still compliant orders,
Brow-beat, daunted, yield their all,—
Cringing, where they should defy him—
Cursing, when the shackles gall.

Can ye bear it?—Oh, ye peoples!
Rise in your sublimest power;
Storm the faction's moated fastness—
Scale the ramparts—raze the tower!

Drag the craven from his shelter,
Lay his reeking chambers bare,—
Strip the mask that hides his features,—
Show the treason skulking there.

Let an angry, outraged nation,
Strong the daring deed to do,—
With the deadly sword of justice,
Thrust the traitor through and through!

Lexington, Va. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE MINERAL WEALTH OF VIRGINIA.*

Gold.—So far as gold mines have been opened and worked, and so far as any considerable traces of gold ores have yet been discovered, they are confined to a geological belt running from N. E. to S. W., through the middle of what we have denominated the Piedmont Section of the State.—It is almost coincident with the first belt of iron ore above described, though in many places, much wider in extent. The region in which most of the gold has been obtained is embraced within the following counties, covering a zone of considerable width, stretching from the Potomac on the N. E. to the North Carolina line on the S. W.; viz: Fauquier, Prince William, Stafford, Spotsylvania, Culpepper, Orange, Louisa, Goochland, Fluvanna, Buckingham, Appomattox, with some traces in the other counties covered by the same zone and extended to the

* Continued from page 99.

North Carolina line. It also extends across North Carolina, and embraces the richest gold mines of that State. In several of the counties above named, mines have been profitably operated for many years, beginning as far back as 1830, and some of those formerly abandoned have been re-opened lately, under the influence of improved modes of reducing the ores.

In nearly all of the so-called ores of gold, the metal is found in an uncombined condition, that is, in the form of pure metal. To some extent, however, the metal is found combined with sulphuret of iron, in the form of what is known as "auriferous pyrites."—This is especially the case where veins have been opened to a considerable depth. In the earlier operations at these mines, surface washing—that is washing the metal from the soil formed by the disintegration of the gold-bearing rocks—was the chief mode of mining; but more recently the *veins* of ore have been opened in many places, and promise to be almost inexhaustible.

"The material of the veins, is a variegated quartz, sometimes translucent, at others opaque. It is generally of a cellular structure, fractures without much difficulty, and in many instances contains a considerable proportion of water dispersed through its substance. Its surface, recently exposed, displays a variety of tints of brown, purple and yellow, of such peculiar aspect as to resemble a thin lacquer spread unequally over the rock.—The cavities are often filled with a bright yellow ochre, or hydrated per-oxide of iron, which generally contains gold in a state of minute division. Sulphuret of iron (pyrites) is another accompanying mineral, which in many mines occurs in considerable quantities.—At Morton's mine (Buckingham,) it is peculiarly abundant, and there, as in other places, generally contains a portion of combined gold. * * * This pyrites, in all probability, was, at some former period, more generally diffused throughout all the auriferous veins, and by its decomposition, gave rise to the per-oxide of iron, with which the quartz is always more or less imbued, while the gold existing in it was deposited in the cells and fissures of the quartz. *Silver* is occasionally found in connection with the gold, and the sulphurets of copper and lead have been discovered in a few instances in the auriferous rocks." (*Rogers.*)

The ease or difficulty of working these mines is determined very much by the thickness of the veins, and the character of the stratified rocks by which they are bounded. The wide veins are easily managed, but the majority are narrow, and enclosed in talcose and other forms of slate easily quarried, in many cases without blasting, yet often very hard and difficult to overcome. One great difficulty, heretofore attending the mining operations here, has been the want of adequate means for crushing the quartz so completely as to expose all the contained gold, but this obstacle has been overcome in other parts of the world, and there is no reason for its not being soon overcome in all the mines of Virginia and North Carolina. A beginning has already been made in this direction, from which we may hope for great results. Science is bringing additional forces to bear upon this, as well as other industrial pursuits.

In regard to the value of this vast gold field, the extent and geological position of which we have already defined, no certain estimate can yet be made. We have long been impressed with the idea, that it contains a store of wealth, far exceeding in value the highest estimate ever placed upon it. In this opinion we are not singular.

Overman in his "Practical Mineralogy," speaking of this region, says, "there are gold-bearing localities in Virginia and North Carolina, which if not equal to those of California at present, will be of greater importance in the future, and, I predict, more sure and lasting." We hope that this prediction may be fulfilled.

Silver.—This precious metal has been found in connection with gold in several of the mines in this State. It has also been found in Patrick and some other counties, but not in sufficient quantities to induce any one to undertake the business of mining for it to any extent. The lead ores of Nelson county, to be noticed hereafter, are said to contain several per cent. of silver, and were formerly worked for that metal, as well as for lead.

Copper.—Virginia abounds in deposits of rich ores of copper, but they have been opened only to a very limited extent. The largest and richest veins are found in or near the Blue Ridge. In nearly every one of the counties, forming the long belt which covers the eastern slope of this remarkable mountain, copper ore has been discovered—in many places abundant in quantity, and almost always rich in quality. Veins have been found in Madison and Green counties, of sufficient extent to promise profitable mining; while in Nelson and Amherst similar veins were worked long ago, and although now abandoned, may yet prove highly valuable under improved systems of mining and smelting. In Floyd and Carroll counties, which occupy an elevated table land, or plateau, between two branches of the Blue Ridge, mining for copper was carried on to a considerable extent for several years previous to the war, and will doubtless be prosecuted on a larger scale in future. Ores of this metal have also been discovered at several points along the western slope of this mountain, but not in very large quantities; some have also been found on the western side of the valley; but no extensive deposit has yet appeared.

From what has already been developed, we may with confidence look forward to a time when stimulated enterprise will open up the rich and extensive stores of this valuable metal, now lying as dead capital beneath the hills and mountains of this favored State.

Lead.—The late Confederacy found the source of much of its strength in the lead mines of Virginia. Those of Wythe county played a conspicuous part in our recent struggle, furnishing, as they did, a very large proportion of the lead used in the army. But their importance has not been limited to periods of war. They have long been worked in times of peace with profit to their owners, and advantage to the community.

A brief description of the ores of these mines may be of service to those who may be looking out for similar minerals elsewhere.—In the first place we shall say a few words in regard to their geological position. They are found in the lower limestones of the valley, belonging in the geological series to what are called the "old silurian" formation. The mineral is not interstratified with the limestone, but consists of veins thrust upward from beneath, in a molten condition, and following, to some extent the strata, but at the same time filling such crevices as it found in the overlying rocks, whatever might be their shape or size. Three varieties of ore are found here, each varying somewhat in appearance and form, and often mingled together in different proportions. These are the "sulphuret" (galena,) "carbonate" (white lead) and the "oxide." The galena is the most abundant, has a bluish lead color, fine metalic lustre, and is either crystalline or granular in structure. In this

form the miners call it "blue ore." It is also found in a finely granular, pulverulent condition, and is then of a dark color, and called "black ore." The carbonate is often found in beautiful white crystals, and called "cat's tooth ore;" or in compact heavy masses of a greyish white color, and called "grey ore." The oxide is of a yellowish grey color, but is commonly found mingled with the carbonate, and more or less clay, giving a reddish brown mass, called "brown ore."

Indications of ores, similar to those in Wythe, have been found in Montgomery and other counties of the valley, but no extensive veins have yet been discovered.

A lead mine was opened in Nelson county some years ago, and worked for a while; but the vein being narrow and bounded by very hard metamorphic rocks, the labor and expense of mining was found to be very great, and it was abandoned. The ore here is rich in lead, and, as heretofore stated, contains a considerable quantity of silver. It may yet prove to be valuable. A vein of similar kind, and in the same geological formation, has been long known to exist in Patrick county, but, so far as we know, its extent and value have not been satisfactorily tested.

Zinc.—But little of this metal has been discovered in Virginia, except in connection with the lead ores of Wythe. Zinc was obtained from that region on a small scale during the war, but the extent to which it may become worthy of attention in future, remains to be demonstrated.

Tungsten, Tellurium and Titanium are metals just now occupying the attention of manufacturers of iron and steel. It is believed, that if properly managed, they may all prove valuable when alloyed with iron. These metals are all found in Virginia; the last, (titanium,) in considerable quantities, among some of the metamorphic rocks in the Piedmont section. In regard to this metal, a celebrated English manufacturer, (David Mushet,) says; "By alloying small quantities of titanium with iron and steel, I obtained surprising results, which at once convinced me that I was on the right track at last. I now had the iron ore of the districts I have named carefully examined for titanium, and I found that all of them contained titanic acid, (an oxide of titanium,) and that, whichever ore most abounded in titanic acid, the iron and steel produced from that ore was the most celebrated and valuable."

TO BE CONTINUED.

APTITUDES IN MEN.—It is very certain that no man is fit for every thing; but it is almost as certain, too, that there is scarcely any one man who is not fit for something, which something nature points out to him by giving him a tendency and propensity to it. Every man finds in himself, either from nature or education (for they are hard to distinguish,) a peculiar character; and his struggling against it is the fruitless and endless labor of Sisyphus. Let him follow and cultivate that vocation, he will succeed in it, and be considerable in one way, at least; whereas, if he departs from it, he will, at least, be inconsiderable, probably ludicrous. *Lord Chesterfield.*

PROMETHEUS VINCTUS.

Prometheus on the cold rock bound,
The vulture at his heart,
In you, oh! Southern Chief, has found
A fitting counterpart.

The Titan by his wondrous skill
Fashioned a man from clay;
You formed a nation at your will,
And bent it to your sway!

He made a dull insensate thing,
A form without a soul;
Your spirit with life-stirring spring
Electrified the whole.

Like him, your greatness did you wrong,
Your virtue was your bane;
Each soared above the common throng,
Each found a prison chain!

Your aims alike were noble; well
Ye battled, till at length
Each, having done his utmost, fell—
Dragged down by Force and Strength!

Ye fell but gained a height sublime,
And more than mortal fame,
Binding upon the breast of Time
An ever glorious name!

No farther may the semblance go.—
Consumed by Zeus' frown,
Prometheus with supernal woe
In agony bowed down.

While you, oh! gentle sufferer, feel
Though bending 'neath the rod,
A holy joy, the sign and seal
Of a sustaining God!

Within your grated prison cell
A gracious guest abides,
And by the same low-spoken spell,
Which stilled the raging tides

Of fierce Tiberias, He exerts
A spirit-soothing calm,
And heals the sting of earthly hurts
With heavenly peace and balm.

Around you in unending play
The bounding billows roar,
And white with crests of seething spray
Break thundering on the shore.

These ocean-surges well express
The love, the hopes, the care
Which to you in your loneliness,
Your faithful people bear.

Chains and a prison cannot wrest
Your empire from its throne;
You find in every Southern breast
A kingdom and a home!

The stately land you strove to save,
In sable robes arrayed,
Majestic mourns beside the grave
Where all her hopes are laid.

But though she weeps her cherished dead
With sorrow deep and true,
No tears of bitterness are shed
Like those that fall for you!

You hold her heart-strings in your hand,
And every blow and slur,
That strikes you as you helpless stand,
Falls doubly hard on her!

Heaven help us all!—The New Year dawns
Again with gladsome birth;
God grant ere many smiling morns
Have glorified the earth,

That one may break amid the stars,
Which by His blest decree,
Beaming across your prison bars,
Shall shine upon you FREE!

FANNY DOWNING.

NORTHERN PRISON LIFE.*

On the night of the 29th September, we were deposited on the shores of Johnson's Island, an obscure locality, but destined through all future time to possess an interest scarcely second to St. Helena, and consecrated by the heroic endurance of thousands of the best and bravest of our countrymen. We were first deprived of our money and other valuables, and then escorted into the "pen," with unlimited discretion to partake of its hospitalities, and to

* Continued from page 107.

commune with the 3000 obdurate "rebels," who were here provided with food and lodging at the expense of the U. S. Government.—It was our good fortune, however, to fall in with kind and sympathizing friends, who generously ministered to our necessities, and initiated us into some of the mysteries of prison-life, in order that we might not become the victims of ignorance and inexperience.

Johnson's Island is situated in Lake Erie, at the entrance to Sandusky Bay, and previous to its conversion to the purposes of a military prison, we believe was uninhabited, and untenanted by any human being, save the owner, who cultivated a vineyard, for which the Northern lakes are so famous. It would have been beyond the range of possibility, to have selected a locality so admirably devised by nature for the purposes of a prison, and which so completely thwarted every avenue of escape, and succor. Had we been placed there alone, and unmolested, we should then have been almost as securely lodged, and beyond the power of escape, as Robinson Crusoe on the Island of Juan Fernandez. And in addition to these natural obstacles the vigilance of our captors, had added the most elaborate defenses for our security and safe detention. A thoroughly constructed earth work, mounting heavy pieces, was trained directly upon one flank of the prison, while a federal sloop of war, mounting 18 pieces, trained directly on our quarters provided for our security in that direction, and in addition to these, other well trained batteries were in range, and we do not suppose we over estimate, when we affirm that not less than 40 or 50 pieces of heavy artillery could have been at a moment's intimation, brought to bear upon 3000 disarmed and helpless prisoners, surrounded by strong artificial and natural defenses, and encompassed on all sides by a great inland ocean. But this is not all. From 1500 to 3000 disciplined troops were constantly stationed upon the Island, and we deem it by no means improbable, that the U. S. Government employed the services of as many troops, in securing this one point, as were required for the safe keeping of all, or nearly all, the prisoners of war held by the Confederate States.—When we first arrived at Johnson's Island many privileges of a valuable character were accorded the prisoners, but as the representations of Southern brutality and diabolical cruelty grew more and more aggravated and inflamed, all these relaxations of the rigor of our captivity, were removed at "one fell swoop," and a plan of retaliation, conducted in the most systematic manner, proceeding from one extreme to another, was inaugurated, which continued during our protracted captivity, with but one interruption, and then only to be resumed again with even more unrelenting severity. We will endeavor to preserve a rigid adherence to truth, and if from imperfect or inaccurate recollection, we shall in the most minute degree militate against its *slightest* details, we trust that we may confide to some of those who shared these toils and sufferings in common with us, to rectify and "set right" the most insignificant departure from inflexible and incontrovertible truth.

And first, as to that part of prison treatment which has been more discussed than any other perhaps, namely: the all important article of FOOD.

Our rations received from the commissary at Johnson's Island during the greater part of our imprisonment consisted of beef, pork, and baker's bread. The first two mentioned articles were the refuse of the Sandusky markets, and nothing but the mere dread of utter starvation could have in-

duced the most vitiated appetite, to have partaken of either. Both were of a quality which defy adequate description, and the quantity was as limited as the quality was bad. The bread to a great extent would have served admirably for paving stones, and was frequently so rat-eaten as to make it even intolerable to our starving natures. The suffering produced by the absence of all vegetable food was intense, and in many cases produced its natural consequence, in the shape of that malignant disease—scurvy. We cannot by mere force of language pretend to convey to the reader, anything even remotely approximating to an idea of the suffering, the agony, the gradual diminution of both mental and physical strength, produced by successive months of abstinence, of famine, and deprivation of the prime necessities of life. Weeks and months rolled by, and yet no feeble ray, no glimmering of hope appeared to the prisoner, no prospect of relief from what seemed a protracted, but a fearfully aggravated and inevitable death. Abandoned apparently by friends to his fate, and delivered over bound hand and foot to the power of his enemies, it almost seemed that the Almighty had hid from him the light of his countenance, and the last resource of humanity withdrawn from him. If he laid down to rest, it was to be tortured by tantalizing visions of gorgeous banquets, of sumptuous viands, receding in mockery from his eager grasp, or to be transported in imagination to familiar scenes and loved faces, to the old hearth-stone and family circle, oblivious under the force of temporary illusions, to past sufferings and bygone toils and dangers. If he awaked from his delusive dream of bliss, it was but to sink in more hopeless despair, and to renew the same unending round of physical suffering, of mental agony.

To him, "hope never comes, that comes to all." With nothing to look for, from the experience of the past, with nothing but abject despair and stoical resignation to the ills of the present, clouds and darkness obscured the future from his vision, and had his unassisted penetration been able to look beyond the veil, he felt assured that for him, it contained only a transition to other scenes of suffering.

The treatment of prisoners of war in hospitals, has been one view of the subject which attracted perhaps as much attention as any other, and in regard to which the most flagrant and atrocious cruelties have been imputed to those having the supervision of this department of Southern prisons. With regard to the merits of the case, we do not propose to express even an opinion, in accordance with the line of policy we avowed at the commencement of this article.

But with regard to the prison Hospital at Johnson's Island, we cannot forbear at least an allusion. When we were first consigned to the hospitalities of the Island, the hospital was a "chief den of horrors," a very earthly pandemonium, and though a sense of justice constrains us to admit, that some amelioration and improvement was effected subsequent to this period, yet during our residence, it was miserably and scantily furnished with the simplest remedies. The Federal surgeons seemed to allow and to prescribe for our sick and wounded only such medical supplies, as were allowed, as they alleged, to Federal prisoners in the South.—And in a spirit of rigid adherence to this principle, they received scarcely none, and great suffering, and we entertain no doubt many deaths, ensued in consequence, while the most abundant medical stores were accessible. The Confederate officers were required to perform all the scavenger and

menial duties connected with the hospital, and daily details were made for this purpose. As to the merits or defects of Southern hospitals, we can affirm nothing of our own personal knowledge, but we are confident, that any one, whose misfortune it was to be immured at Johnson's Island, will recognize this as an unvarnished picture of the hospital for Confederate officers.

We were indulged with the privilege of writing three letters per week, being restricted to 28 lines of letter paper, which must first be submitted to the censorship of the Federal examiner, and secure his approval, before transmission. We suppose one half (½) would constitute a very liberal estimate of the number received by prisoners and their friends, of those actually written. Communication with the South, was at long intervals, and we cannot attempt to portray the excitement and suspense caused by the arrival of a "Dixie" mail, which was to convey to us, some tidings of those from whom we had been so long separated. Our Southern letters were frequently detained for days, to all appearances unnecessarily. But worst of all, if they sometimes exceeded by a few lines the prescribed amount, the letter was retained by the inspector, and the envelope, endorsed with the writer's name, transferred to the prisoner, as "from your father," "mother," "sister," as the case might be? Imagine if you can, the feelings produced, after months and years of separation, of suspense and anxiety, by such a procedure. Yet such was the uniform practice at Johnson's Island, and though we believe in some instances this rule was mitigated, yet such was the prevailing custom, and with these exceptions, it was rigidly adhered to.

The laws and usages of civilized warfare regard as sacred and inviolable the right of prisoners to effect their escape, and as equally binding and imperative as the right of the captor to detain them. Yet when the attempted escapes of Confederate officers at Johnson's Island were frustrated by the vigilance of their captors, they were in some instances allowed to select one of two alternatives, either a parole of honor to make no future attempts, or to be immured in a lonely cell, to expiate their presumption in endeavoring to assert this indefeasible right.—And in some instances, not even this choice of evils was permitted, but the most degrading and revolting personal indignities, worthy only of criminals and felons, were substituted in their stead.

The most menial and debasing duties, to which even a moderate regard for common delicacy, forbids a direct allusion, such as were performed by the villeins of the middle ages, and were sometimes inflicted upon deserters and criminals in our own army, as the most complete stigma, and brand of indelible infamy, were exacted with daily punctuality from all grades of prisoners. The nature of the subject forbids an elaborate description, and this mere passing notice will serve to convey but an imperfect conception of them to the reader.

We should fall short of the task, were we to attempt to convey any conception of the rigor of this inhospitable climate, and the suffering endured in consequence.—They can only be imagined, and must be experienced, in order to be appreciated. Miserably provided with fuel, and enduring the pangs of unceasing hunger, produced by the utter absence of all nourishing food, the horrors of a winter at Johnson's Island so far transcend our powers of description, that we refrain from attempting the task.

Every expedient of inventive genius, developed and stimulated by the force of emergencies, was

resorted to. to vary and relieve the intolerable languor and tedium of prison-life. Following the bent of their individual whims and inclinations, some gambled, some played chess, others enlightened their suffering compatriots with profound speculations on "exchange," or the next Presidential election, some indulged in conjectures about the day's rations, another writes to his Yankee "cousin," or "aunt," while another reads a leader from the "New York News,"to a crowd of admiring listeners, or exults over some flaming extract from the "Richmond Examiner," another wishes for the mail or sings the "Southern Cross," while another smokes bad tobacco, punches the fire, and indulges in sad reveries, or pictures to his diseased and depraved fancy, the sumptuous "bill of fare," he will order and devour when he "gets to Richmond."

During the former portion of our residence at Johnson's Island, it had been the prevailing custom to allow the relatives and friends of prisoners of war, in the event of their death in bondage, to claim and to receive their mortal remains, in order that at some future time, they might be returned, to find their last resting place at home. Such a course was eminently proper, and we are grieved to be unable to record, that to the honor of humanity, it was allowed without molestation, or interruption. Yet in the winter of 1864–5, there was issued from head quarters of the Government itself, a positive and explicit order, directing that in future, the remains of no prisoner should be delivered to, and received by his friends, but be interred and remain in the prison grave yard, the solicitations, and entreaties of families and relatives to the contrary notwithstanding.

In the grave there is no treason. In the dead there is no disloyalty. To the grave there is imputed no political heresy. To that great temple of silence and reconciliation, where repose together in undisturbed and tranquil serenity, the enormities, the jealousies, the recriminations, and the heart burnings of many generations, the usage of all civilized nations, and all civilized ages has uniformly accorded the most profound, sacred, and hallowed reverence. We propose no comment. Gladly would we envelope the whole transaction in the obscuring mantle of a charitable oblivion.—But it stands forth in characters of living light, and we should be sadly recreant to every sense of honor, to every sentiment of justice to the living and the dead, did we fail to record it. One or two more incidents will serve to conclude this imperfect description of Johnson's Island. The most brilliant descriptive powers would fail to do more than convey an idea of its horrors, and we can only presume to claim for our efforts the one merit of truth.—Among those who shared with us the sufferings of our protracted imprisonment, was a gallant and high toned young officer of the 1st Virginia artillery, the son of a Virginia clergyman, who had earned honorable and well merited distinction on many hardly contested fields. Dr. Stuart Robinson, an eminent Presbyterian divine of the conservative stamp, then in exile in Canada, fleeing from the fanaticism and persecution of his Presbyterian brethren, had transmitted to our young friend, in order to solace his imprisonment, a volume of admirably selected hymns, containing many beautiful exhortations to patience, endurance, and fortitude in time of adversity and affliction. We did not conceive that the most intolerant, could have protested against this species of theoretical "aid and comfort," to the enemy. But our conceptions and our estimate of

human magnanimity were overdrawn, and the volume was indeed turned over to our friend but not until every word and every syllable, which by any species of distortion and subtle perversion, could be construed into a remote approximation to relief, solace, or consolation to the hapless prisoner had been carefully cut out by the knife of the Federal inspector.

Another example will tend to illustrate the animus which pervaded religious sects, and ecclesiastical assemblages, and preëminently the Northern Presbyterian Church. We do not propose these allusions in any spirit of disparagement or detraction, but we will be pardoned at least for observing, that with such lights before their eyes, we are at a loss to imagine, how a fraternal union can ever be accomplished between the two divided branches of this church, without a sacrifice of independence, and of dignity, and a spirit of servility on the part of the Southern Church, as disgraceful, as it would be detrimental. Into the Presbyterian General Assembly, in the Spring of 1864, there was introduced a resolution, asking in unqualified terms, that a petition might be presented to the President of the United States requesting the suspension of the appointment of a day of prayer and humiliation throughout the land, for fear it might exert a tendency to dampen the enthusiasm and ardor of the people in the cause of the suppression of the rebellion. Comment is unnecessary. The story carries its own moral with it. In justice to them, we cannot fail to record several acts of courtesy and charity to our destitute prisoners by Dr. Plumer, and Dr. Hodge of Princeton. But these, though honorable, were isolated exceptions, "*rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*"

In the month of February, 1865, in view of the early termination of the rebellion, the system of regular exchanges was resumed, after a suspension of nearly two years.—As precedence was justly yielded to priority of capture, it was our fortune to be placed among the first lists, and having signed a parole not to resume service in the armies of the Confederacy, until regularly exchanged, (which parole has been faithfully observed to this day) we in company with 300 others, regained our freedom, not like the "prisoner of Chillon," and taking our stand on the deck of the steamer, on the 14th of March 1865, the same day on which the army of General Sherman evacuated Fayetteville, the dim outlines of the Island soon receded forever, thank God, "from our vision. The details of our trip to Fortress Monroe would possess no interest, and suffice it to say, that on the night of the 20th of March, we anchored quietly in the mouth of James river and before the morning sun shone upon the countless vessels, and the broad expanse of waters, we were rapidly proceeding up to Aiken's Landing, our point of destination. On the 22d we were transferred to the tender mercies of the Confederate Commissioners, and proceeded to Richmond in a crazy steamer, and in the kindness and courtesy of generous friends, found more than solace for the years of absence, of peril, and of suffering, more than consolation for the melancholy past, in this happy and triumphant issue out of all of our afflictions.—To the God of the rebel and the captive, be all the honor and the glory, for this signal deliverance, from the power and dominion of our enemies.

Two years, fruitful in changes, prolific in great results, two years the most memorable in the history of the American Continent, had been numbered with past ages since we marched in the van of a mighty army, buoyant with hope, animated by the remembrance of a

series of brilliant and unparalleled successes, flushed with the pride of a successful invasion, and seeking only new fields of glory and of fame. Two years had wrought the work of two generations. The aged Israelite, when returned from Babylonish captivity, who wept when they compared the inferior dimensions, the insignificant proportions, of the new temple, with the glory of the ancient edifice where they and their fathers had worshipped; the seven sleepers of the legend who fell asleep when the pagans were persecuting the christians, and awoke when the christians were persecuting the pagans; the aged princes of the line of Bourbon, restored to, and sustained upon a tottering throne by the bayonets of combined Europe, beheld not a transformation more wonderful, more complete. Events had come thick, misfortunes had multiplied, reverses had followed in hopeless and irresistible succession, disasters had culminated, the popular ardor was forever gone, the ancient spirit of our hitherto invincible legions was forever extinct, a sombre and death-like gloom pervaded the nation, in marked and melancholy contrast with the peaceful development of external nature—the goddess of "wingless victory" had taken her flight from the Acropolis, and the very atmosphere seemed to bode disaster, as the March winds whistled ominiously of the consumation of this great tragedy, the last scene of which was so soon to be enacted upon the plains of Appomattox. A moment's observation served to convince us, however repugnant to our sensibilities, our pride, and our patriotism, that four years of more than Spartan endurance, of more than Roman fortitude, had been ineffectual and unavailing. The melancholy nones of April were nigh at hand, and the death-knell of a great nation was sounded, as the shattered remnants of the mightiest army the world has ever seen, submitted to the dictates of a magnanimous foe, and the decrees of an irreversible destiny. Faithful even unto the end, they yielded all save that which the power of no enemies could overcome, nor the might of all conquerors subdue and vanquish—their ancient and unsullied honor; and when they fell, the republic fell with them, like the Ipswich Wolsey, "unwilling to outlive the good that did it." Noble army of martyrs! if ever prejudice shall give way to reason; and intolerance and bigotry be dispelled before the light of justice and truth, then the brightest page in the unwritten annals of the grand drama of revolutions, is reserved for thee.

One or two reflections will serve to draw this already protracted article to a close. It cannot be otherwise than evident to every reflecting mind, that by the force of inevitable circumstances, our fate and our fortunes are inseparably connected and bound up with the Federal Government.—And that we are in honor bound to yield a faithful obedience and allegiance to that Government, we regard as equally certain.—These propositions we hold to be indisputable. But in the next place, if the lessons of the past five years, do not exert a marked tendency, to teach us independence in some things, then experience has availed us nothing.

It must be evident that the surest and most speedy method of regaining our position among the nations of the earth, is by the cultivation, the sustaining, the developing of a Southern literature. In this should consist our independence preëminently. No one can but remember the servile dependence upon Northern literature, which characterized the course of the Southern people in former times, to the almost utter neglect and

exclusion of native efforts and native genius. And surely, no one not entirely abandoned to every sense of ordinary self respect, can ever forget or forgive, the vile caricatures, the billingsgate, and the degrading libels, so lavishly heaped upon Southern institutions, and even Southern women, by those very creatures whom our money and our patronage had sustained and created. In this respect at least, let us assert and maintain our independence, and we will find in it, the surest and speediest source of national greatness. If, on the other hand, we return with debasing sycophancy, to nourish these vipers, who have so lavishly poured out their venom on those who have sustained and developed them, we shall indeed have shown ourselves worthy of a harsher fate than that which has been accorded us. But if on the contrary, we shall vigorously and zealously sustain, cherish and perfect a native literature, if we shall succeed in presenting to the view of an impartial world the record of our heroism, our sufferings, our triumphs, untarnished and unsullied by fanaticism, we may find in the glories of the future, at least some compensation for the calamities of the past and the ills of the present.

SIGMA CHI.

Fayetteville, N. C., May 8th, 1866.

MARY.

Shall I whisper a name that was lovely of old,
When the tale of the infant Redeemer was told,
The honored of God, in her sorrow sublime,
Still haunting the heart through the twilight of Time?

O'er the star-light of Judah the night-mists were chill,
On the Galilee's bosom the shadows lay still,
When it woke on the midnight, so solemn and dim,
With the flame of a star and the sound of a hymn.

And bright with the lustre, and sweet with the tone
Of the angels that sang, and the glory that shone,
Its echoes are soft through the haze of the years,
With the breath of her sigh and the dew of her tears.

And still at the altar, and still at the hearth,
From the cradle of Christ to the ends of the earth,
As gentle in glory, as steadfast in gloom,
It serves at His side, as it waits at His tomb.

And many shall bless it, as many have blest,
From the morning of life till the morrow of *rest*,
And its fulness of meaning, its music shall keep,
While a Mary shall watch, or a Mary shall weep.

Christmas, 1866. F. O. TICKNOR.

ROANOKE VALLEY.*

In taking a view of the system of agriculture which prevails in the Roanoke valley; it would be very interesting to be able to give an accurate, or even approximate estimate of the productions of this region—but first from the entire absence of all statistics in this State on these points, and next from the fact that we have no seaport to which her products would naturally flow, and that therefore they are conveyed by river navigation and by rail road, to various ports in Virginia and other States, it is impossible to arrive at any just or accurate idea of the exports of the State. It may however be generally affirmed that excepting Edgecome county, those counties, which form the lower Roanoke valley, are the principal cotton producing, and excepting perhaps Tyrrell county, they are the principal corn producing counties in the State; and when the value of the three products of cotton, corn and peas are taken, as exported from them, they will probably be found to exceed the agricultural exports of the same number of counties from any part of North Carolina. When to these sources of wealth is added the exports of the productions of the forests, such as lumber, tar, turpentine, staves, shingles, &c., their exported wealth, and importance to the State as a source of revenue, will be found to be second to none within her borders. As far up as Hamilton in Martin county, the river is at all times navigable for vessels of a large size; beyond this point up to Weldon, the navigation is uncertain, the channel of the river being obstructed by frequent bars. Efforts have been made at various times by combined individual enterprise, and with the aid of the State, to remove these bars and so improve the navigation, but the State, I believe, has always refused to aid, and no valuable or permanent benefit has even resulted from other efforts. If the bed of the river could be properly dredged, and the navigation made more certain by the construction of vessels and steamers of light draft, the advantages commercially, to the country drained by the Roanoke, as well as to those seaports to which her products flow, would be very great. It would be instructive here to be able to give even an approximate idea of the value of these products, but the long occupation of Plymouth by the yankees during the war, and the fact that a large portion of these products are carried by rail to Petersburg, Wilmington, and other points, as well as a larger portion by both routes to Norfolk, which was also in the possession of the yankees, render it impossible to furnish any correct idea of its commercial importance. If Mr. Ramsay, the courteous and exact collector of Plymouth before the war, has preserved his books, and these pages should meet his eye, he would no doubt furnish your journal with some valuable statistics on this point. The system of farming prevailing in these counties is one of great simplicity, varied in kind and degree by the character of the soil. Corn is the principal grain crop and this is cultivated in alternate years on the same fields, that is, each field is one year in corn, one year rest, this is more particularly the case on the thin light lands. On the river lands, and more fertile uplands, corn is often cultivated for successive years

* Continued from page 114.

without manure. Wheat is raised very generally in small quantities for home consumption, and produces very good crops. It is not raised for export, except in a few instances, as those mentioned before and some others, and in these cases the results have been very favorable. Some wheat farmers manuring their wheat lands by compost or bought manures, and in some cases by an improving rotation of grass crops, peas or weeds. But it may be stated with truth and at the same time with a feeling of mortification, that the planters and farmers of the Roanoke valley, do not bestow that attention to the cultivation of grain crops, whether of corn, wheat, oats, peas, or any other grain, which either their actual importance demands, or a judicious view of their own interests would seem to require. But whilst they disregard in a great measure the claims and importance of the grain crops, they cannot be accused of late years, i. e., years before the war, with a neglect of cotton, which in all this region of country is the principal sale crop. On the land designed for the production of this article, as a general rule all the manure is put, and all the extra labor of the farm expended. Compost heaps are heaped up, ditch banks levelled, fence locks cleaned up, swamp earth and wood soil hauled, ashes burned, lime, guano, and other fertilizers bought, to improve and increase their yield. And it is a fact which may here be mentioned, that under this system of management, the same lands have been cultivated in cotton, for periods of time running in my own knowledge from twenty to forty years with no dimunition, but on the contrary with a regular increase of production. Some farmers and (probably the most successful) are those who adopt a mixed system; who cultivate less cotton, and who sell some corn, some wheat, some peas, some pork, in addition to their cotton. The farms where this system prevails are generally in the best condition; a little oppertunity is afforded for a lengthened and judicious rotation of crops, where each portion of the land receives in turn its share of manure, and where the farmer, in case of failure from unfavorable seasons or other disasters to one crop, still has other sources from which he may derive an increase. The general system referred to, as prevailing before the war, however unfavorable to the general improvement of the land, or to the solid advancement of the farmer, was nevertheless, one of great ease, plenty and comfort. Although it might take a larger breadth of land to afford him room for alternate crops of corn and 'rest,' although his cotton land might be the only portions of his soil favored by annual dressings of compost and other manures; although too dry a year might shorten his corn crop, and too wet a year cause his cotton to fail, still his life and that of his family, was sure of comfort; his negroes happy and contented in the enjoyment of all those blessings which make life pleasant, spent their days in healthful easy employment, their powers never overtasked, their nights under good shelters in healthful sleep, with plentiful supplies of food, with no thought of the past, no care for the morrow to disturb their peaceful slumbers. And this life of quiet easy contentment, varied by frequent holidays, in which free scope was given to the enjoyment of their innocent and simple desires, and privileges granted and liberties indulged which were rendered not the less valuable from the fact that they were enjoyed under a mild and beneficent restraint, which whilst it admitted full and free enjoyment, permitted no excesses full of remorse and bitter consequen-

ces. A cheerful, happy, thriving, contented people thus dwelt in this happy valley, adding by their simple and honest labors to the general wealth of the country, while at the same time they accumulated individual stores; leading generally simple virtuous lives; where the master regarded the slave as one of his family to be clothed, fed, sheltered, and governed as he would one of his children; and where the slave looked to the hand of his master as the arm that would protect him in distress, and defend him from all harm, and where in return for this friendly patriarchal care and protection, he cheerfully rendered a faithful service, obedience and affection. But alas! how changed. This happy valley, like other happy valleys and homes of the South, has been invaded by the envious yankee, this system which he could not understand or make his own, this happiness and content which he could not appreciate or enjoy, he must therefore upturn and destroy. Most effectually has this been done. Where once dwelt scores and hundreds and thousands of happy whites and blacks, now may be seen deserted dwellings and desolated up grown fields; where once was plenty, comfort and ease, may now be found want, vice, misery. The fruit of long years of industry, labor and economy has been in four short years swept away, as a fire consumes the dry grass; nothing is left to the whites but their virtue, courage, and determined reliance upon God—to the poor blacks nothing but hard labor, a degraded position, vice, want, prostitution, misery, and final destruction; and withal the change from Southern to Yankee masters. To give some idea of the condition of this country, I may state here as a fact, that if a colossus were to stand at Norfleet ferry on the Roanoke river, (a point about half way between Plymouth and Weldon,) and with a wand representing a radius of thirty miles describe a circle, there would be found within that circle areas of land equal to forty thousand acres, now deserted, which five or six years ago were cultivated, in fields of corn, cotton, wheat, peas, and other products, furnishing food for man and beast, and adding to the wealth of the nation and individuals.

A serious question now for the future of this country, is to decide what shall be done with these and other deserted fields in the South to make them remunerative, what done with the black population to make it not only self-supporting, but beneficial to the State and the proprietors of the soil, or in other words how shall the system of labor be regulated amongst us, under the changed condition of affairs, to make it profitable, respectable and happy.

This might well be made a subject of lengthened inquiry and examination, but the limits of this paper, already too far extended, will not admit of other than a cursory and suggestive view. I trust some more able writer seeing this paper, may give your journal and its readers the benefit of a thorough and well considered essay on this point. The facts to which the South has now to address itself and fully meet, are—1st. That the whole system of labor upon which her life, prosperity and happiness rested has been suddenly and violently upturned and destroyed; that those who with the strong hand committed this destruction, have offered no help, nor put any labor in its place, but on the contrary have placed every hindrance in the way of improvement, and have used every means and every effort to make the destruction they have wrought, and the ruin of the Southern people, complete. Nor can we look for aid to any other quarter, for in the same way that the rest of the

world by an unsympathizing, impassive calmness, witnessed and silently aided in our destruction, so now do they view the completeness of that ruin with the calmest complacency. The Southern people have then to look for aid to none but themselves—they must, by God's help, work out their own deliverance, and out of the elements of ruin which surround them gradually and surely erect a new system, and build up for themselves a future happiness, wealth and greatness. The day of 'Northern capital,' and 'Foreign Immigration, and white labor is a delusion. True the latter may come and in the course of long years will come; but it will only be after the partial if not the entire disappearance of the negro. At present the South has the negro, and the negro only, to deal with as the element of labor, and the question is, how is he to be made profitable, orderly, and effective. The bitterness which now exists among the Northern people—with their radical and hostile action, and with the disorganizing presence of the Freedmen's Bureau, makes it impossible to expect much from State Legislation; all the States have already done what they could, to frame laws suited to the new order of things, and with a desire to make the black man a useful and happy laborer; but this does not satisfy the views of the radicals, and they wish him to be suddenly transformed, by no other agency than the Freedmen's Bureau, into citizens, who without intelligence, education, or means, shall have all the rights, all the privileges, and the same social position, as those who were a year ago their masters, who possess every thing which they lack, and who are superior to them in every thing which can constitute a difference between men, in addition to the difference of race and color. The only hope in my view at present, in order to keep the black man in his best position, and thus make of him a profitable laborer, and useful member of society, is to oppose to these efforts of Northern radicalism, a calm, peaceful, lawful and determined passive opposition. If the negro will not work as a laborer fairly and honestly for A, then let not B employ him without the consent of A. If C gives his laborers fair wages and good treatment, let not D entice them away by offering or giving a little more. Let all agree upon that which is fair and just, and kind, but without combination, and let all honorably adhere to this understanding. Further, let it be understood, that the negro is a laborer, and must like all laborers in all countries, lift himself by labor from that position. The plan which some have adopted (as far as I can learn, without profit,) of farming on shares, renting them land, &c., is injurious to the negro both as a laborer and a man, and contrary to a wise public policy. It may be said that these matters will gradually regulate themselves, and that individual interest will very soon dictate what is best for itself. But in the mean time, while this individual interest is pursuing its interested and contradictory course, what becomes of the labor of the country? and is not something due from each individual for the good of the whole? There is no doubt of the fact, and there is no fact which can be sustained by more abundant and various proof, that any other system of hire among the laboring classes in all countries than that of stipulated wages has been found to be disadvantageous to the public, the land-holder, and the laborer; to the public because it fills the poor houses, and makes idleness, vagrancy and crime more frequent; to the land-holder, because he has more poor rates and taxes to pay, and the laborers are injured; to the laborer, because he is demoral-

ized. This is the experience of Great Britain, of France, Germany, of the Northern United States, and every civilized country where free labor has prevailed for many years. Why should we not profit by the experience of others? Why should we hope to succeed in experiments which they have tried over and over again, and have as often failed? Have we not lost enough already, that we wish to venture more? Have we so much to lose that we can afford to be the victims of experiments? No—the true position of the negro is that he is a laborer, made so by events over which he (once) had no control; let him understand that it is his interest to labor well and faithfully in the position in which the events have placed him;—and by his industry and good conduct endeavor to earn a good name, and if possible to raise himself into a more elevated position, where his wealth and character will secure him all the respect to which he is entitled.—To make the matter more practical; there should be meetings held in every county in every State, where the views concerning labor would be fully interchanged; where a fair price for the different grades of labor would be settled upon as a general opinion, and where without any combination, it would be generally understood that these wages and no more would be given, and that the laborers would be discouraged from violating contracts or wandering about in search of day's work.

A second fact which has to be met by the Southern people is, that there is not labor enough now in the country to supply its wants, or to support its population, and furnish exports. This deficiency in the agricultural wants of the country (which are its most important) would be startling in its character could they be exhibited in one view and I regret that I have not the statistics by me to prove it conclusively. But it is a fact so patent to any man of common observation, as to need only the simple announcement for its admission. It may be stated generally that since the beginning of the war, (and this by Northern accounts,) the black population of the Southern States has been decreased by one million; this leaves three millions. From this number, of the women who formerly labored in the field and who now refuse to labor, one fifth may be deducted or 600,000;—In the army say 200,000. These women and children who might labor in the field, but who now earn a precarious support in cities and towns 400,000,—number of children too young to labor 1-5, or 500,000; vagrants, and idlers, rogues, &c., 100,000; making in all to be deducted from the 3,000,000, 1,800,000, leaving as laborers, 1,200,000. Take from this $\frac{1}{3}$, to represent small and feeble hands, and we have 800,000 full laborers now standing, out of a population of four millions who four years ago could produce a force representing full laborers to the amount of two millions. But when is added to this deduction $\frac{1}{4}$, to be taken from the 800,000 full laborers, as the amount which they lose by irregular and slack work, lost time, visiting, &c., &c., it leaves actually only say 550,000 black laborers in Southern fields. But the evil does not stop here, for those who have heretofore been producers, are now mere consumers, so that the amount of laborers to produce food for these consumers has become a fearful necessity. It is now, as if upon a population of 550,000 laborers, there had been suddenly and in the course of one night, thrown an additional population of one million and a half of people, who refuse to work, and quietly sit down and say "I'se done, and feed me well." But the bread that these laborers are making is needed to support the six

millions of whites or upwards, (deducting white laborers) for whom it was planted and who are to pay them for it. Is it not plain that to these laborers and to all classes there must come comparative want and to many misery and starvation? This is a fearful problem the South has to work out. How is this 1,800,000 idle people to be supported without making all suffer. Whence is the labor to come which shall maintain them in their idleness, if thus to maintain them is to be the policy forced on us by our Northern brethren. Suppose from this 1,800,000 withdrawn from the fields we take say 600,000 who earn in cities, towns, and elsewhere a support; leaving 1,200,000 to be supported, at an average price say one dollar a bushel for corn, and 20 cts. per lb. for bacon, and an average allowance of 13 bushels of the former and 150 lbs. of the latter to each person, we have for each to expend $43,00, and for the 1,200,000, $51,600,000, add as much more for their clothing, fuel, house rent, sick bills, stealage, &c., and we will have to lose and expend upon this worse than worthless population, who a few years ago were more than self-sustaining, a sum equal to one hundred millions of dollars. The way in which these difficulties may be met and overcome, or greatly remedied, is—1st. By communities and individuals refusing to give shelter and food, and protection to any who are able to work and will not work. 2d. By the passage of State laws requiring all persons who are able to earn a livelihood, but who are living in idleness, to be hired out, or placed on public work. 3d. The passage of laws and making appropriations encouraging immigration from foreign countries.

The first of these plans is the surest and now most in our power; if the people will stand by each other a few months would prove its efficiency. The 2d would be most curative and effectual, but in the present state of our country it is impossible for the South to protect herself by laws of her own. Some future day may come—and God grant that it be not far distant—when a sense of justice and virtue may visit the minds of the Northern people, and force them to grant the Southern States the common right of making their own laws. In the meantime, all, or the most, that the States can do to increase its producers, is by the passage of judicious laws regulating and encouraging immigration—by levying taxes and making appropriations to induce a good class of foreigners to dwell among us, and by aiding the formation and establishment of corporations and companies for this purpose. It is by this means that the north and west have been built up, and it is by the introduction of this element that they have gained that overwhelming political and material ascendency which enabled them to work our complete destruction. I would rather stand upon the ancient ways, but it is the best we can do. It is said the best way to fight fire is with fire. We should then go heartily into the work, and our legislatures frame such laws, as would negotiate and make most profitable the introduction of this kind of labor. But if the Southern people would sink party and seek the common good, if they would sternly set their faces against fraud, corruption, and selfishness, whether it exhibits itself in the Freedmen's Bureau or elsewhere, if with the high purpose to treat with justice and kindness the unfortunate race of ignorant wretches suddenly turned loosed upon them, they yet determine to maintain their true position of virtuous, mental and social superiority, and if in the maintenance of this position they honorably, firmly, and peacefully sustain each other, and without combination, and without temper,

offer a manful, passive resistance to those indignities, insults, and oppressions which a radical party is forcing upon them, I believe the day will soon come, and this action on their part would hasten it, when this party would be swept from power into a political abyss deeper than any into which wicked fanaticism ever sank; and when the South, her rights acknowledged, her political freedom established, would be at liberty to make in State legislation her own laws for the government of her own people, and where as a component and equal part of the great Confederacy of the United States she would march and lead them on to a greatness, power, prosperity, and happiness, hitherto only dreamed of by men and nations.

TRUE NOTIONS OF EQUALITY. The popular notion of equality is no less superficial than that of liberty. The democrat prizes an outward material equality; not that essential inward equality that is rooted in man's humanity, and that exists in spite of all outward differences. Hence he is not satisfied with essential equality; he must have an outward monotony of condition. The people must all ride in the same cars, and sit at the same table, and vote at the same polling place. It is considered a degradation for one to serve another; and the very name of servant is abominated. In all this there is a want of true dignity and worth of manhood, but it is a weakness and a folly to rebel against those civil and domestic distinctions which originate in the nature of things, and which, therefore, carry no real dishonor with them. Why should not a poor man consent to ride in a less luxurious car, paying a proportionate fare, as well as live in a less luxurious house, paying a proportionate rent? So with service. There is nothing essentially degrading in one man performing certain menial offices for another. The degradation arises only when the office is performed in a menial spirit. In itself, all labor, even the most menial, is honorable, when performed in the true spirt of duty. The Americans will cease to disparage domestic service, when they learn to take a higher view of human equality. The false views of equality now rife, leads to contradictions and compromises that are sometimes almost ludicrous; for the force of things is always in contest with false ideas.

A distinction of class is pretty generally maintained among the traveling and hotel-living public, by virtue of the national chivalry for the ladies. On some lines there is a ladies' car; in the hotels there are ladies' parlors, ladies ordinaries, a ladies' saloon, and so on; in all of which I could easily see that part of the object, if not the whole, was to get quietly and decently over the theoretical equality among the sovereign people. It is rather curious to hear their modes of address; a laborer is always this gentleman; whereas a gentleman in dress and appearance is this man. In the one case the poor man must be raised to a level with the gentry; in the other, the gentleman must be leveled to an equality with the people. To be called a man, therefore, is an acknowledgement of your gentility; to be called gentleman, infers your want of position. A master-tailor said to me to-day, pointing to a coatless, cross-legged snip—'this gentleman will fix your button.' Had he told the man to sew on my button, he would have said, 'Sam, fix this man's button.'—*Stirling's Travels in America.*

ROAD-SIDE STORIES.*

CHAPTER III.

Some serious reflections arose to Olive Hartwell the day she closed Jimmy Smith's eyes. It was over, and she left them to seek Milly Brown. She was a woman in peril, and should hear a cry of warning. It is better thus, thought Olive, as she met them both and asked them to drive by Mrs. Smith's lodging. "How is that child, Miss Olive?" asked Mr. Harper.

"Better," was the prompt reply.

"Oh, I hate to go to such places!" whined Milly.

"We all do," added Olive—"but I particularly desire you to go." They were ushered into a chilly room lit by a sepulchral looking tallow candle. "We mustn't stay long, it is quite dark already," shuddered the lady in bright warm wrappings. A few pine poles smouldered on the hearth—something undefinable filled the room with heaviness, an invisible oppression that kept both guests silently shrinking. A pretty tasselled gauntlet grasped Olive's arm, and a stifled voice whispered, "Indeed, Olive, I see what is wanted here—I'll go home and send some wood and food, it is so late mamma will be uneasy. I had better not stay longer, it might disturb——" Her words died away in a dim fear that the sufferer was beyond disturbance now.

"Yes," chimed in Mr. Harper, fumbling in his pocket,—"anything that I can do, let me know, but I really think at such a time a visit is inappropriate."

"I need you now," answered Olive, "sit down." They took the two split-bottomed chairs, patched with rags and cords, and she stood with her hand on the shelf, that served for a mantle, above the newly kindled fire, looking down upon them. There were two children, covered with a shawl from which protruded four rough little feet, among the ashes in the opposite corner.

"The father of those children," began Olive, "invested everything he owned in the firm of 'Harper & Co.' He was a good man and a brave one, who served his country until he took consumption, of which he died. Mr. Harper," said she abruptly, "I have statements to make against you; when I have finished you may reply to them."

"He left his wife and children in a pretty, tasteful cottage on Front Street, No. 10. You remember the place. When household stores and money gave out, the widow went to remind her husband's friend and partner of some papers of which he had spoken.—Her memory was good, she remembered the spot in the desk where he kept them and explained the contents which would secure to her competence at least.—Mr. Harper's memory was at fault, he listened kindly, but could not recall any such conversation or any such papers—would look however, and see what could be done for her—in the meantime advised her to go to work—no more was coming to her from the firm—in fact Smith, poor fellow! died in his debt. She went to him again—was sorry to trouble him, but her work failed to support her. He opened the desk she described—she looked for herself and found no papers there—his mind must have wandered, poor fellow!

*Continued from page 124.

Another visit, Mr. Harper's sympathy was redoubled, but duty was inexorable, it was due to the public to satisfy its claims. Not his—oh, no indeed! If the debt was to him, she should never be troubled by it, but the house and lot must be sold for other men's claims. Smith was a good fellow, so honest and liberal, but he died insolvent! She had better sell furniture also, and if anything was realized beyond the claims, she might invest it—he would attend to it all—she must go home to work and bear it like a woman."

The man writhed before her, but smiled ironically in her face as she paused in her narrative to remember figures.

"Mrs. Smith took herself, three children, one bed, a trunk and a few chairs out of the house; everything else was sold for six thousand dollars. She never saw one dime—kind Mr. Harper regretted the sacrifice—real estate was a drug in the market—the sales were four thousand dollars behind his calculations, but he would give her work to do and she must keep up bravely.

"Whole months of toil went for barely enough to sustain life. Jimmy became a white slave, and ran errands, built fires, held Mr. Harper's horse and blacked his boots, for a piece of tainted meat, a cast off garment, or a pan of meal as his wages. He died of pneumonia, and his mother made shirts by his death-bed, stitching, stitching away with stooped shoulders, hollow cheeks and dim eyes, at the rate of fifty cents per day.—Small item but worthy of record when meal is fifteen dollars per bushel, and the poor must live on meal."

"Why in the world didn't she let her circumstances be known?" asked Milly. "I carried some tracts there when I was on the visiting committee, but she never said a word about starving."

"She was too proud to beg—did she ask you for work?" inquired Olive.

"Yes I believe she did, oh yes, I remember now, she did, but I had my dresses all made at Madame Gillette's, she always tricks one up so stylish."

"Many benevolent persons" continued Olive ignoring Madame Gillette's existence, "would have assisted her, had she not been paraded by Mr. Harper as his especial charge, and represented by him as doing well. You have pledged yourself to him for a few gaudy ornaments, to pamper your besetting sin, when he is an extortioner, a speculator upon the wants of helpless women and children, whose protectors are defending him, and you and me, in honorable warfare. You smile as if it were a trifling accusation, but it stands as a heavy sin at the highest tribunal of justice. '*Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners shall inherit the kingdom of God.*' This is only one family—God only knows how many more will bear witness against him there! There were comforts in that other home—look around you, what is here? There, were luxuries of life—here, is hunger for its necessaries. When I returned from Richmond, they were famishing on one meal a day, and the mother working on for a *promise to pay*. I have heard him speak of the evils of slavery—what is this? Hunger, cold, thirst, ignorance, nakedness and pain inflicted on his own race, by the usurer, who has withheld the wages of honest toil."

Her face glowing with earnestness, Olive lifted the shawl and pointed to the pinched faces, that months of wholesome food and care could scarcely restore to the roundness of childhood.

"Look on these, but there are witnesses more terrible—come!"

They rose mechanically—her strong will carrying its way

across the narrow room—following her where a faded curtain waved to and fro in the shadowy light—behind its folds to the table where it was, *that* which they dared not whisper, which lay like a glacier upon the spirit. She laid back the thin white muslin, and held the dim light close that they might see two faces vying with each other in stony whiteness—mother and child were dead. Under burdens too greivous to be borne, two weary toilers had fallen into rest!

"My last witnesses are before you—answer them!" They were unanswered except by Milly's tears—she pleaded like a child to be taken away. At the door, with a feeling akin to remorse, the man turned to offer money.

"Keep your unholy gains," said Olive scornfully, "money was not my object in bringing you here. I would save her from deeper perjury, and you from the curse of the living and the dead."

The door closed on them—to profit by, or spurn the lesson as they willed—her task was done.

Milly went home to spring into bed with hysterics, to give vent to reproaches against Olive for being so stern and cruel, to rise late next morning, sip wine and plunge into an excess of gaiety in order to revive her spirits.

Mr. Harper and his affianced dashed through the streets a few days after that scene of wretchedness, in exuberant spirits at creating a stir with that new phaeton, drawn by a pair of spirited horses in shining harness.

"Wasn't Miss Hartwell a strange, wild sort of a woman?" asked he.

"Yes, she wouldn't understand anybody." He winced under that remark, knowing that she understood him too well, but rallied to rejoin—"Strong-minded woman, that!" "She cannot bear me," said Milly looking lamb-like, "and its only because I loved you instead of her brother, as if I could help it."

"Of course not," said the triumphant lover, clearing his throat with an important air.

"He was a good enough fellow," continued the soft voiced lamb, "but so prosy and sentimental—with his odd ways—and so sensitive!"

"What a fool!" exclaimed the other wisely. "By the way, you didn't believe half that crazy girl said the other night?"

"Oh no indeed! Didn't I tell you it was all spite and nothing else? I tried to explain it to her once, but she is so wrapped up in her brother Algernon, she drew herself up to her full height and muttered '*perjured!*' between her white teeth, until I was glad to get away."

"A terrible temper!" rejoined he, compressing his thin lips.

"Oh dear me! Let's don't talk about such things, it always makes me sick to worry, it made me just as sick as I could be the other night seeing those horrid people; oh, you don't know how sick I was! Just as sick, and I cried and cried!" bleated the innocent lamb.

"Poor thing!"

"Yes, I couldn't help it, you know, I'm so foolish and tender hearted. Where did you get those dear sweet horses?"

"In a trade with an old man in the country. I've a mind to give them to the Confederate service—I guess I shall do that."

"Oh, now don't!" pleaded she, "you are always giving away everything you get; now keep these for me!"

He had passed himself off for an impressing agent, obtained them for half their value, from a farm where the land was broken up by hoes instead of ploughs in consequence. A calculation of the probable amount cleared by that clever trick of his was made as

they dashed along; two thousand dollars were allowed by the government, he gave the old man one thousand and they were already sold privately for three times the government price. Occasionally in the solitude of her own chamber, Milly confessed to herself that those were grave charges against him, but then matters of great weight were in progress. There were new dresses—at least twenty of them, (Mrs. Smith had *one* when she died, we need very little however going out of the world) three new bonnets, loves of bonnets! One for full dress, another to travel in, and a "hack about," —and laces—the softest, richest coffee-colored laces! The daintiest of handkerchiefs, gloves, boots and ribbons—then the linens, no bride in the place ever had such a completely elegant set, even before the war; they were imported —had run the blockade by order of the bridegroom—he was certainly the dearest man! So generous and so proud of her appearance in society. But the crowning beauty of all the pretty things that surrounded her was the veil, it was longer by a yard than Sue Moore's, all the girls said so that had a peep at its fleecy folds;—the bride elect turned the key of her room door and donned the laces and orange blossoms daily to mark the effect, and soliloquize on her good fortune. "People might say what they pleased, but it took nice things to make her happy, she liked to eat bonbons, and wear pretty white dresses, and plumed bonnets, and jewels, and she wasn't going to sacrifice her beauty to a poor penniless wretch, like Algernon, just to please him and his sister. They were getting poor anyhow—and so stuck up! The day would come when Olive would repent being so cruel to the first woman in the place." Here the soliloquy would assume an amiable, patronizing tone—"and she'd forgive her and make her a few handsome presents just to make her feel bad, you know."

They were married in grand style, every one knew exactly how much the bridegroom's suit cost, how many bridal presents, and precisely the number of garments in the splendid trousseau. Men and women who had a secret contempt for both parties flocked to the reception to congratulate the bride and bestow costly gifts upon her, as politic members of society, when they knew she had married a scoundrel. Why did they not rise in the majesty of truth and condemn him? Wickedness stalks boldly abroad upheld by the common plea—"It is none of my business." Fudge! it is the business of all who know the truth to tell it. One brave woman had done her part in another scene and left it between them and their God.

CHAPTER IV.

Algernon Hartwell languished in prison from a neglected wound, cold and hunger. Added to the torture of imprisonment to a restless spirit, was the pain of silence. Letters were so long coming, and when they did arrive, how tantalizing was the half page allowed by the authorities! If they contained one word beyond the allotted space, officers read them for their own amusement, or lit their pipes with the torn pages in the presence of men pining for a word from home. When the fevered yearning for a faithless woman was over in his wasted frame, a surgeon said No. 140 had died of nostalgia. Low and clearly spoken were his messages for home—when speech failed how inexpressibly touching that gesture to be lifted to the light, that he might look beyond the narrow cell, that his wistful eyes might rest once more on the skies that were so blue

above his sunny land! Lower fell that whispered word of parting, weaker the sad movement of his emaciated hand, but Southward waved the hand and Southward gazed the eyes until death set the captive free. The letter came at last. Sydney Clarke opened it, sitting by him in the prison dead house—even there he ground his teeth in bitterness, laid back the covering of the dead to speak aloud of treachery, but the strange unearthly beauty that hovers around that dreamless sleep checked his violence.

Touched by the strong resemblance to one fairer and dearer still, in anguish for a faithful sister's grief, he stroked the short brown hair tenderly for her sake, and only whispered in thankfulness that one noble heart was stilled before it was broken.

The residence occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Harper, with their retinue of servants, could scarcely be recognized as the same which the Smiths vacated when their reverses came. Additions and improvements had changed the cottage into a stylish mansion without, and still greater was the change within. Disorder, discontent, vituperation, inelegant abuse and eternal misery, had slowly and surely come. Selfishness had been the actuating principle of the marriage, the sham of appearances was as short-lived as it was disgusting and demonstrative to beholders. The man who lavished gifts on his wife as the lay figure of his fortune, instituted a system of discipline, watchfulness, in short a tyranny in his household under which the petted doll rebelled, and disgraceful wrangling for the mastery ensued. He was a tyrant over every one under him, just as he had tyrannized over the father until he had only unwound from his thumb to drop into his grave; he also conquered, as he termed it, wife, servants, horses, dogs;—in fact every living creature, brute or human, was pampered by bribery until they served a purpose and then subjected to insult and abuse. Scenes were enacted that would have been ludicrous enough performed on a public stage, but the reality made them piteous and shameful to behold. When he imparted the secret of their marriage to her in a drunken passion, self respect should have driven her forever from his presence, but she could not give up her idols. Tears were an institution with Mrs. Harper, at her command at any moment, and pretty effective they were at first, for her husband generally banged the door in her face with an oath when the crying spells came on; eventually, however, they proved a failure. Fascinations were called into action, but they faded fast in an atmosphere of silly idleness—an uncombed head, unbrushed teeth and soiled tie above a fancy morning dress with greasy satin facings, soon failed to inspire respect or affection. So it came to be a common thing to throw off the little dingy hands angrily when they came about with playful arts to win a new dress, or a fresh supply of bank bills. Then from words came blows, but actual misery never entered the breast of the shallow creature until *work* was required of her, she groaned under tasks that would have been sweet in happier homes, and because of her groans it was heaped upon her with the constant taunt that she had been sold by her father to pay his debts, that she was his slave as surely as the negroes he had in the kitchen and field. Two violent tempers clashed in vulgar altercations or personal encounters—still vanity kept its train of excesses and outside glitter for the world to look upon. She fluttered in church like a peafowl at his side, with a degree of complaisance unequalled except in him—one Sunday morning, while the rich

attire so wonderfully becoming, covered a great bruise on her shoulder left there by his hand in their last connubial conflict. He assisted her in the carriage after services with an air of protective tendernerness, to be driven off—bowing and smiling recognitions around, as the admiring world in general, and prudent papas and mammas in particular, exclaimed in hearing of single daughters—"What a splendid match that was!"

That day at dinner as she was helping her husband to soup with a silver ladle, weilded gracefully by a plump hand, washed white for a display of blazing rings and bracelets, both enjoying as much as possible the "stalled ox and hatred therewith," Olive Hartwell, crazed by the sudden announcement of her brother's death, fell exhausted and speechless before them. Doubtless a natural impulse to reproach his deceiver had been the animating influence—but it was from the stern words of Sydney Clarke that Milly learned his fate. She fell into hysterics, and Mr. Harper coolly returned to his dinner, with an oath or two at the confounded fuss about nothing, as Sidney lifted Olive and carried her home.

New troubles began—without caring a fig for his wife's love, the littleness of his nature displayed itself in furious jealousy, even of the dead. Her remorse was seized on as a means of torment, and *torment* her life became. Such a home! Avarice, dishonesty, frivolity, jealousy, cruelty, and shamelessness.

Sydney Clarke was passing the house one evening and heard smothered cries for help and mercy. Obeying the impulse of the moment he rushed in to see a delicate woman stripped to the waist and a human beast laying the lash across her shoulders, who heard nothing in his wild rage as he stopped for breath to exclaim—"Now you'll quit sniffling around me, for that dead lover of yours, will you?" Before the words were fairly spoken, the whip was wrenched from his grasp and the "Hon. Mr. Harper" received his dues for once. When he begged, like a cowarly dog as he was, the man who ignored the sickly fallacy of non-interference between man and wife, in his high creed of justice and honor, turned away scornfully as if he had performed a menial task of duty. Blind fear of being again alone with her husband was Milly's salvation—she drew up her dress over the striped shoulders with trembling fingers, and accepted the protection of Col. Clarke to her mother's roof. Diamonds wore a sickening hue on the hands clutching his arm and hanging to the ears, turning at every sound in fear of pursuit. A suit for divorce was entered, the trial came on. Disclosures were made, which should have been brought forth at the grand wedding. It was amply proven that the charges of fraud and theft made against him by Olive Hartwell in a private way were true—that he had practiced a refined system of cunning and cruelty on every one in his power, had played the part of usurer and speculator with a high hand. All this the people were prepared for by their own personal losses, but the astounding developments in the case were made by a foreign looking woman with five children on the stand, who swore that he was her lawful husband, whom she had married when he was in jail at St. Louis, where she was laundress for the prisoners. Upon being questioned as to the nature of the offense for which he was imprisoned, she drew some greasy well worn papers from her pocket, which proved, to the satisfaction of all whom it might concern, that he was her husband, and had served out the usual period of imprisonment for stealing horses.

So poor sobbing Milly's marriage was pronounced "null and void" and she left the court crimsoned with shame at having been the victim of such a consummate villain. A committee of respectable gentlemen informed him that the hour for the next train, was the utmost limit of their endurance of his foul presence. His departure took place in a more conspicuous manner than his arrival, the real wife and her incumbrances were of the party. A strong smell of gin pervaded the atmosphere as they entered the cars, he protesting against her company, and she in an equally violent manner assuring him that she would dog his steps to the end of the world, and that she meant to have some of his ill-gotten money for herself and the children.—"And," added she, rubbing her rough fist in his face, "if I once git ye to hum, my man, I'll show ye who's boss of my shanty!"—The villain was placarded over the South. He published an account of the sufferings of "a union man during the rebellion" in the Northern journals of civilization, but was seen no more in that locality until he rode into A——— with an air of ease and triumph as a pilot to the raiders who destroyed that place. Olive Hartwell ran out of a burning house against a torch in the hands of a man whom she recognized as her old enemy. To save parley with him and escape from the contamination of his presence she relinquished the few valuables she possessed at his command. He met Milly during his exploits in that famous victory over women and children, but she sustained no greater injury than the appropriation of certain articles of silver in her possession, and hearing her name in familiar jest among the house-burners.

"I say," shouted one of them, as he folded one of her handsomest dresses for a saddle blanket "it went right hard with you, I guess, when you found you weren't married after all, if he was a Yankee!"

"And you married one of General Sheridan's bummers, hey?" asked another.

One of the men informed some persons who were curious enough to inquire, that he was a native of the Athens of America, who had been sent out on various missions of philanthropy, such as the distribution of tracts to the benighted South, and arms to the down trodden slaves. At the time of his appearance in A———, he was in regular employment as a spy and general informer of the movements of the Confederate army, his real name was "Uriah Butler," through which he claimed distant relationship to the Beast. A rumor has since reached the citizens, that in a hand to hand struggle for an old pocket book containing the hoarded treasure of a burly negro, the latter demonstrated the problem of equality and the right of property, by the forcible argument of murder. Had not the abdication of Satan already become a possibility, in consideration of the number of clerical and political aspirants to the throne, the "Hon. Uriah Butler" might justly be considered as a candidate for that position, at all events, it is safe to presume that the lower region has become the theatre of civil war, where the subject of this sketch may *speculate upon the spirits of the damned.*

Milly Brown has grieved as sorely as such beings can, for her misspent life, but dries her tears like a simple child to go into spasmodic ecstacies over the last fashion plate at Madame Gillette's, or eat bonbons at Mons. Cuisine's. When her butterfly friends fell off with a vulgar stare in her face as a means of cutting her acquaintance, when her darling "society" turned the cold shoulder upon its slave, the woman who came to her relief, who helped her to regain her for-

mer position, who won pity for her instead of censure as a guilty monster, was the object of her former abhorrence, the strong-minded and great-hearted Olive Hartwell.

Col. Sydney Clarke carried the wife he had "won in Dixie" back to his native city, Baltimore, where her loveliness is the subject of warmest encomiums in that circle of noble women who have broken bread to a hungry people.

"What do you think," said Milly to Mr. Fashio Noble, "now just guess the sort of a wedding Olive had."

"Oh, I heard it was very select, nobody there but a few disabled soldiers."

"Nobody?" continued Milly, "the house was jammed. Col. Clarke had his favorites from his old regiment for *his* share of the guests, more empty sleeves and crutches than ever got together out of a hospital!"

"And *her* guests?" curiously inquired Mr. Noble, caressing his moustache.

"You'll just kill yourself laughing," screamed she, "the whole Orphan Asylum!"

"Ha, ha! it must have been amusing!"

"Oh, very! They say when the men hobbled up on their crutches, and the orphans clustered around to congratulate them it was really pretty too. You know everybody used to say Olive was too strong-minded to cry like other women, its all a mistake! An old man went up after the ceremony, a very old man they say, with a head as white as snow, and Olive held out her hand to him, but he had no hand to shake with her and when she saw both arms were off at the shoulders, they say she wept outright like a baby!"

"Is it possible? She is certainly crazy on the subject of Confederate soldiers and orphans!"

"Not crazier than the Colonel—his bridal gifts were the strangest I ever heard of, it was the funniest thing! You couldn't guess to save your life!"

"A set of Aqua Marina? Diamonds? Pearls? His plantation on Red river?" guessed Fashio.

"No, no indeed! Those two orphan children of Smith's, that she had been taking care of since their mother's death!"

"You don't tell me so? Really? Gracious me, what a man!"

"Yes, he adopted them both and carried all three on to Baltimore."

"Well, well!"

Col. Clarke has a spot on his cheek and a trifle of a limp in his gait, but he regards himself paid off by the Confederate Government. They live in simple elegance, and though moving in the first circle in the city, it is a notable fact that his wife eschews excesses, in the shape of *tilters* and *waterfalls*. Her brains have not taken refuge in a club of hair vying and parallel with the head proper, or a series of kinks commonly called "coiffure d' Afrique," peculiar to the *equality persuasion*.—On the contrary, the crowning adornment of her person is the wealth of natural hair which forms a soft undulating outline around her fine face, and is gathered together in a graceful whirl above her neck by an ebony cross studded with golden stars—a cherished relic of the prison life of her beloved husband.

FIRST LOVE.

BY COL. BUCHRING H. JONES.

In the blithesome days of boyhood—
  In the unforgotten past,
Stamped upon my heart's fresh surface,
  Was an image that shall last.
'Twas a form of girlish beauty,
  Tresses auburn—eyes of blue,
And a voice so soft and lute-like
  Told a spirit chaste and true.

And I loved that little maiden—
  I, a boy of summers ten,
With such passions wild and tender
  As one never feels again;
And the maiden loved the school-boy—
  Owned it by her smothered sighs,
Trembled 'neath his gaze so ardent—
  Blushed and drooped her tell-tale eyes.

Many were the little tokens
  Passed between the maid and me,
Apples, peaches, blushing berries,
  Scraps of school-boy poetry.
Smiles were given—gentle pressures—
  Mute, yet eloquent of love—
Silken ringlets neatly braided—
  Pencillings of Heart and Dove.

Often sat we in the shadow
  Of the great, white sycamore;
Hand in hand went through the meadow
  In the halcyon days of yore;
Helped her to the cool and sparkling
  Water from the beech-tree spring;
With a thrill of rapture swung her
  In the rustic grape-vine swing.

With my quaint, well-whetted "barlow,"
  On the beechen's glossy rind,
Carved, with studied, labored flourish,
  Rudely, yet so well defined,
That e'en now, the curious hunter,
  Pausing in his search for game,
Reads with ease the rough-edged letters—
  The initials of her name.

Saw with flashing eyes th'advances
  Of my school-fellow—"John Ed."—
Felt 'twould be a pleasant pastime
  To relieve him of his head!

To our young and ardent fancy
Opened up a future bright,
When, released from laws parental,
We our marriage vow should plight.

Thus through many happy summers
Side by side we moved along,
Recking naught of the stern trials
That to older life belong;
Then we parted—I to ponder
Over academic lore—
She was left, a tender budlet,
Opening on the river's shore.

Time sped on, and I, in manhood,
Saw another maiden fair—
Saw and loved, and wooed and won her—
Wreathed the orange in her hair.
She, a wife, so pure and gentle,
Makes my cup with bliss o'erflow;
Never hath a truer woman
Smoothed the path of man below.

THE LAST OF THE CRUSADERS.

It is a trite remark that "truth is stranger than fiction;" and if it be meant by this that authentic history affords occasional examples of incidents more novel and surprising, and life-histories more extraordinary than are to be found in the pages of the most extraordinary romance, the remark is true. That it is so, perhaps the annals of the world furnish no more striking illustration, than is to be found in the life of John of Austria, the last of the Paladins and the Crusaders. No single element of romance is wanting to heighten the interest of the story. His parentage, long a mystery to himself and others; his nurture in a land where the long struggle of eight centuries of the Cross against the Crescent had kept alive the hatred of the Infidel in the breast of the true believer; his unlooked-for discovery of the secret of his illustrious paternity; the splendid career thus opened to his ambitious aspirations; his assignment to the command of the army storming the last fastnesses where the followers of the Prophet stood at bay; his elevation to the chief command in the "holy league" of the Christian against the Turk; the great day of Lepanto that set the world ringing with his name and fame; his splendid dreams of conquest with crowns for the goal of his achievement; the assumption of the Vice-Royalty of the Netherlands, and the deadly wrestle with the great Prince of Orange, of glorious memory; his last victory of Gemblours; baffled efforts and the proud heart breaking under its heavy load—these, and such as these, are the threads of which the woof of his history is woven. His father was Charles V, Duke of Milan, hereditary Ruler of the seventeen Netherlands, King of Spain, Naples and the two Sici-

lies, Emperor of Germany, Lord of vast empires in the New World, "universal domination" in Europe, Asia and Africa—his mother, Barbara Blomberg, washerwoman of Ratisbon. A medal, struck in honor of his great victory of Lepanto, would seem to fix the year 1547 as that of his birth. As in the case of so many other illustrious persons, more worthy the memory of mankind, details respecting his early years are but meagre. It is certain that he was not long left in charge of his mother, who seems, indeed, to have been a redoubtable shrew. Even the bloody and remorseless Alva characterizes her, in after years, as a "terrible woman." Like the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, she struck terror to a heart that feared no living thing besides. From this maternal Xantippe, the boy was transferred, at three years of age, to the care of a musician of the Imperial band, who removed with him from his native Netherlands to a village of Castile in Spain. Four years after, Geronimo—such was the name of this unknown offspring of the second Charlemagne—was, by Charles' directions, intrusted to a second guardian, Luis Quixada, Major-domo of the Emperor's own household. In the family of this Hidalgo, for whom and for his noble wife he never ceased to manifest a filial tenderness, the youth remained until the time of his public acknowledgement by Philip II, as the son of the deceased Emperor. Bold, impetuous, fond of outdoor sports and excelling in all manly exercises, his tastes at this period, appear to afford an earnest, in some degree, of his subsequent career. More than two years after his famous abdication, and a year after his retirement to Yuste, Charles, prompted possibly by a wish to see the boy, desired Quixada to remove from his home in Valladolid and take up his residence near the convent which he had selected as the place of his retirement. Here, no doubt, he more than once looked with pride and satisfaction on the fair promise of his son; though he seems never to have made any demonstrations from which the real relationship existing between them could be suspected. But though Charles, during his life-time did not own Geronimo as his child, he left a will distinctly acknowledging him as such, and recommending to his son and successor a provision suitable to his exalted birth. Philip was at this time absent in some other part of his dominions, but no long time after his return, which took place within a few months of his father's death, he took occasion publicly to acknowledge the young Geronimo as his brother. The extraordinary, yet authentic account of this transaction, reads more like a scene from a drama, than an incident of real life. One day Quixada called his ward to ride with him. At the door stood two horses, one a richly caparisoned steed, fit to bear the weight of kings and princes: the other an humble palfrey. The poor dependant, of course, mounted the humbler steed, and the two set forth upon their ride. Suddenly in the distance was heard the sound of "clanging hoofs and horns;" and dismounting with a lowly obeisance, Quixada offered his young companion the horse which he had himself been riding. The sober and sedate character of his guardian and his grave and decorous demeanor forbade the boy to look upon the act as a piece of pleasantry, which he might otherwise have regarded it. For the first time some glimmering of the truth seems to have flashed upon him. Turning with a lofty air to his guardian and so late superior, he condescendingly remarked that "since things were so, he might hold the stirrup for him." Soon

after the exchange of animals was made, they met the approaching party of horsemen, which, as had been previously arranged, was Philip attended by an escort of courtiers. Dismounting from his horse, the boy by his guardian's direction, approached his Majesty and begged permission to kiss his hand. The hand was graciously extended, and as the lad knelt to kiss it, his fair locks falling about his fresh young cheeks and his bright blue eyes cast down in embarrassment and awe, he found favor in the sight of the King, who alighting raised and embraced him with the words "Take courage, my child! The Emperor Charles V, now in glory, is your father as well as mine." The courtiers pressed forward to pay their court to one whom the King delighted to honor, "and the scene was concluded by Philip's buckling a sword about his newly found brother and throwing around his neck the sparkling collar of the order of the Golden Fleece"—an order of knighthood in which emperors and kings had long been proud to be numbered.

Never did the good genius of an eastern tale effect a transformation more glorious and complete. The magic wand of wealth, rank and power is waved over the head of the nameless lad, and at once his obscure and barren existence is fragrant of the laurel and the rose. His very name was altered to suit his altered circumstances. Geronimo became John of Austria, a title designed to intimate his descent from the imperial house of Hapsburg. A separate establishment was assigned him in Madrid with a numerous band of retainers, and in most essential respects he enjoyed all the privileges of the princes of the blood of Spain.—From the outset there was never anything of the common-place in this brilliant existence. His very intimates were personages forever memorable in history. When sent to the university of Alcala, to complete his education, his associates were the Infante, Don Carlos, and Alexander Farnese, afterwards the famous Prince of Parma. The tragic fate of the former has been for three centuries the theme of story and of song. The genius of fiction has invaded the sober realms of history to paint the dark story of his short and unhappy life, his early and mysterious death. Nothing is more certain than that the loves of Carlos and the beautiful Isabella of France, his mother-in-law and once destined bride, are either apocryphal or altogether false; yet the mass of English readers, perhaps, until a period quite recent, believed the romantic tale with a faith as devout as that with which many still believe in the angelic purity and innocence of Mary Queen of Scots. Very different from Don Carlos' was the character and destiny of the second of Don John's associates, Alexander of Parma—destined to rival and even to eclipse his uncle and master in the art of war. Of the three, Don John excelled by far in personal beauty and in manly and knightly exercises. Indeed he seems to have profited more by his instructions in chivalrous accomplishments, than in other studies less immediately connected with the art of war. To a youth so situated the nectared fruits of divine philosophy could scarcely fail to appear but harsh and bitter. A veritable, if late representative of chivalry, he probably partook, in some degree, of the feeling of contempt for letters long common to the good knights whose business was more with the sword than with the pen, and which Walter Scott makes the Douglas express when the old chieftain thanks God that "son of mine, save Gawain, ne'er could write a line." However this may be, Don John left the university,

after a three years course, perfect in all knightly accomplishments at-least, and fired with a generous ambition to do some deed worthy the name he bore. The beginning of his popularity with the Spanish nation—a popularity afterwards as great as had been that of the famous Lamoral Egmont in Flanders—a man whom he much resembled in character and fortunes—was a generous attempt, a year after he left the university, to enlist as a private adventurer to aid the little band of knights, who, on the rock-bound shores of Malta, were then engaged in upholding the banner of the cross against the furious onslaughts of the whole Ottoman power. Without asking of the King a permission, which he knew would be refused, he suddenly left the court and set out for the sea-port of Barcelona, designing thence to take shipping for Malta. On his arrival, finding the fleet gone on which he proposed to sail, the determined young hero resolved to cross the Pyrenees and ship from a French port; and nothing but peremptory orders from the King, which he dared not disobey, prevented him from executing his design.

There is something that appeals powerfully to our sympathies in the spectacle of a youth of great hopes and expectations, reared in the very lap of luxury, voluntarily resigning these adventitious advantages, and rushing, at the call of duty or honor, to posts where his own stout heart and good right arm can alone stand him in good stead. Accordingly we find even Philip little disposed to be severe on this youthful indiscretion of his brother. His favor at court still continued undiminished, and so early as the year 1568, when Don John consequently was but twenty one years of age, we find an opportunity afforded him of gratifying his impatient longings for action. In this year, he was given command of a squadron designed for the chastisement of the Barbary Corsairs, that mixed race of Vandals and Saracens then and for long years afterwards the pests of the shores of the Mediterranean. The conduct of this expedition won him great applause, though, not being designed to accomplish important results, it is memorable for no great or brilliant feat of arms. It is not until the next year that we find Don John entered, at length, upon a field of action commensurate, in some degree, with the magnitude and loftiness of his ambition. Hitherto the young eagle had been but training for the flight; now cast loose in the blue empyrean he soars heavenward with eye fixed unblinking on the sun.

For more than a year past the Southern part of Spain had been agitated by what is known in Spanish history as the "Rebellion of the Moriscoes"—last remnant of the romantic race, who, more than eight centuries before, had overrun and conquered nearly the whole of the peninsula, and whose career of conquest, threatening to overwhelm all christendom, was only checked and turned back, in the first half of the eighth century by the tremendous blows of Charles the Hammer. From the time when the horn of Orlando waked for the last time the echoes of Roncesvalles, down to the "last sigh of the Moor," bidding an eternal adieu to the stately mosques and minarets of Granada, the history of this picturesque and romantic people has been illustrated in the pages of the romancist or sung by the poet in his sweetest and most spirit-stirring strains. Whether possession of the soil for several hundred years constitute an equitable title as against the original proprietors is a question which, however adjudicated *morally*, *practically* will

always be decided by the sword. It is certain that the Spaniards always looked upon the Arabs as aliens and intruders. No lapse of time could diminish their hostility. Gradually, and as it were foot-by-foot the soil of the Peninsula was won back by the old Gothic inhabitants; until, in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, the struggle was virtually concluded by the triumph of the christian arms.—Still, however, members of this singular people continued to exist and flourish in the southern portion of the Peninsula, whither they had been driven in the course of the long struggle of eight hundred years. At the accession of Philip II, they formed, intermingled with the christian inhabitants, a large proportion of the population of Granada, Malaga, and other principal towns of the South. In the mountain fastnesses of the Alpujarras, however, and generally in the ranges of mountains that skirt the shores of the Mediterranean in southern Spain, they formed communities to themselves; paying obedience to the crown, it is true, but preserving their own manners and customs, and even, save in outward conformity, their religion. In the year 1567, a most oppressive ordinance promulgated against these "Moriscoes," as they were called from the time of Charles V, excited a formidable and wide-spread rebellion in this mountain region.—For more than two years, the war had been raging with varying fortunes, when Philip determined to intrust the chief command to the young and aspiring John of Austria. It was the old struggle of the Cross against the Crescent, the Christian against the Infidel, the true believer against the follower of the prophet; and never did christendom send forth a champion more daring, or animated with a thirst more ardent for that delusive glory for which the heroes of chivalry panted as the hart for the water-brooks. The limits of a sketch like this will permit no more than a brief notice of this portion of the military career of Don John. The most noticeable feat of arms in his two campaigns against the Moriscoes is the investment and storm of Galera, in the siege of which the army was engaged at the time he assumed command. In this town situated on the crest and slope of a lofty eminence and defended by a fortress and a somewhat ruinous wall, was collected a desperate handful of three thousand fighting men and four thousand women and children, sternly determined to defend themselves to the death. If proof were wanting of the fact, the heroic valor and endurance of the women of Galera during the long weeks of the siege, would furnish abundant evidence that the weaker sex can sometimes rise to heights of fortitude equalling and even surpassing the courage and constancy of man. More than one desperate assault on the part of the besiegers was bloodily repulsed. the wives and daughters of the Moslems fighting fearlessly by the side of their husbands and brothers. The dark eye of beauty forgot to weep when friend or lover fell, and hands meeter for love's soft and thrilling pressure gripped the dagger or the sword. Black is the page that records the fall of Galera and the fate of its heroic garrison. The third and last assault was made on the 7th of February, the last day of the carnival. A portion of the wall was toppled down by the explosion of a mine, and the Spaniards advanced to the assault with their accustomed courage and impetuosity. They were met with equal fury by the besieged. Long the desperate contest raged hand-to-hand and foot-to-foot. High above the din of battle rose the hostile war-cries of "St-Jago" and "Mahomet," heard for eight

hundred years over so many bloody fields and echoing now for the last time over the hills and valleys of unhappy Spain. Superior numbers of arms at length prevailed and a remorseless butchery of the remnant of the garrison began.—Men, women and children were indiscriminately massacred. Don John sat on his horse, cold and impassive as a marble statue, encouraging his soldiers in their bloody work. Some fifteen hundred of the women and children alone were spared, and this only in deference to the avaricious wishes of the soldiery to reserve them as so much booty. Not a man of the garrison was left alive. An act so barbarous as this wholesale slaughter, not of men only but women and children, would justly be regarded at this day as worthy only a Butler or a McNeil. But it would be a gross mistake to estimate the character of the men who lived three centuries ago by the standard of our own times.—Many a Crusader ever ready to lay lance in rest for the defence of distressed beauty, and full of knightly courtesy to a vanquished *christian* foe, held it to be a meritorious thing to slay without mercy the enemies of the faith. Much of this feeling still survived in the Spaniard of the 16th century, and no doubt hardened the heart of Don John against the appeals of his victims. So much may be said in extenuation of his cruelty, though not, certainly, to excuse it altogether—especially when it is remembered that his implacability was due, in part at least, to rage at the obstinate resistance made to his arms. Whatever judgment may now be passed upon him, it is very certain that in the eyes of his contemporaries the laurels acquired by the capture of Galera only bloomed the brighter because of the blood-drops with which they were sprinkled. To the dark, bloody, tautological bigot who sat on the throne of Spain, the murder of whatever number of heretics, under whatever circumstances of aggravation, could scarcely fail to be pleasing. Don John's successes, after the fall of Galera, were rapid and complete, and before the conclusion of his second campaign the war was virtually at an end. Under his direction, was executed the harsh decree respecting the removal of the Moors of Granada from the seats they had so long occupied into the interior of the country—a removal attended with scenes of suffering too harrowing to dwell upon. Meanwhile the young commander had already become impatient of a theatre of action so circumscribed, and a war which afforded no opportunities on a grand scale of gratifying the ruling passion of his soul, a thirst for military glory. Even before the conclusion of his second campaign, we find evidences of disgust at the service in which he was engaged. Much to his relief, he was recalled to Madrid at the end of the summer, where a career proportioned to the magnitude even of *his* ambition was about to be opened to him.

The revolt which Don John had just been engaged in quelling, threatened at one time most formidable consequences to the Spanish monarchy. When, driven to desperation by the cruel exactions of the edict promulgated against them, the Moriscoes had determined to resist by force of arms, it was not without hope of powerful aid in the day of their extremity. Emisaries had been dispatched not only to the opposite coasts of Tunis, Tripoli and Algiers, but far eastward to their Moslem brethren of Constantinople, where Selim, son of Solyman, the Magnificent, reigned the acknowledged head and father of the faithful. Fortunately for Spain, Solyman was dead; or the splendid dream of a western Caliphate thus presented to the Sultans of

the east, might have involved her in a struggle for her very existence. Selim preferred to undertake conquest nearer home. The wine of Cyprus was much to his taste, not to mention the fact, that situated at the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean, it seemed in a manner to command the very approach to his capital. The island was at this time a dependency of the Republic of Venice, still a powerful State, though no longer what she was when her fleets rode the unquestioned mistress of the Mediterranean. Determined to wrench from her this brighest jewel of her crown, Selim did not long want a pretext for declaring war against Venice. The Republic, unable to maintain herself alone against her powerful neighbor, appealed for aid to the Christian States of Europe. To this appeal—feeling no doubt their own security largely involved in checking the encroachments of Moslem ambition—his Holiness, the Pope, and his Holiness' dutiful son, his most Catholic Majesty of Spain, did not turn a deaf ear. A "*perpetual*" treaty was formed between the three powers, known as the "Holy League," according to which each party bound itself to furnish certain yearly contingents in men, money or ships, for the purpose of carrying on war against the Turk. At the time of Don John's return to Madrid, at the close of the year 1570, negotiations were already in progress between the parties to the treaty; but it was not until the following year that it was ratified. Out of deference to Spain as the most powerful of the allies and furnishing the largest quota, the baton of commander in chief of the combined forces was finally offered; and for this lofty position the choice of the Spanish monarch fell upon John, of Austria. Seldom in the history of the world has so high a trust been confided to hands so young, and never was a fairer opportunity offered to any of the sons of men for winning imperishable renown. The eyes of the civilized world were turned towards the youthful chieftain, chosen champion of christendom against the unbeliever; and the country of his home and adoption, especially, watched his course with a peculiar intensity of interest. When, early in the summer, he set sail for Italy, hundreds of high-mettled youths of the purest blood of Spain followed in his train, eager to serve under the banner of a leader so popular and renowned. Touching at Genoa by the way, Don John arrived, after a prosperous voyage, at the ancient capitol of Naples, which he found all alive with vigorous preparations for the war. A gay and brilliant pageant celebrated his arrival. A splendid procession came forth from the city to meet and welcome him, and the streets on his entry were lined with thousands of shouting spectators, from among whom, doubtless, many a dark eye looked kindly on the youthful Paladin come to lead the crusade against the Moslems. And indeed his was a form and face on which the eye of beauty might well delight to linger. Cleared of the dust of centuries and surrounded with the purple light of youth and love and hope, young beauty of to-day! you too may look upon the picture.—The features of the hero, of uncommon delicacy and beauty, are lit up by a bright blue eye, whose fiery sparkle redeems them from the charge of effeminacy. The yellow locks, thrown back from his well-shaped brow, fall in bright masses upon his shoulders and mingle with the snow-white plume that droops from his cap. Across his breast floats a crimson scarf and a dress of white velvet and cloth of gold sets off his graceful figure to the highest advantage.—A high and chivalrous bearing that well became his name and

place and an easy and graceful seat on his high-mettled steed, complete the picture of John of Austria as he rode into Naples that bright August morning three hundred years ago—a picture on which young and warm imaginations delight to dwell, but which older and wiser eyes regard with an interest largely mingled with commiseration.

The young commander was detained in Naples ten days, which he did not find however hang heavy upon his hands—playing his part in the fetes and chivalrous games of the gay capital, and like a true knight, ambitious to be distinguished as gentle and courteous in lady's bower, as he was brave and daring in war. Like Harry Hotspur he became "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" to the young chivalry around him. They aped even his personal peculiarities. He had a habit, for instance, of throwing back his hair, which clustered thickly at his temples, so as to show his fine forehead to advantage. At once this became the mode with the young gallants of the court, even those whose physiognomy it least suited being none the less careful to wear the hair thrown back, *a la* Don John. The circumstance reminds one of a like caprice of fashion at the court of the "Grand Monarque"—the "Steinkirks" of the Parisian beauties, imitating in their studious disarrangement the disordered ties of the young nobility of France, when, waked by Dutch William from their morning nap, they galloped to the front with collars all awry.

But to mingle in mimic games of chivalry, "to tilt with mammets or to play with lips," was no part of Don John's real business. So soon as the winds became favorable, he set sail for the port of Messina, where the combined fleets of Rome and Venice lay waiting his arrival. This port, close by the Scylla and Charybdis of the ancient world, had been selected as the rendezvous of the allied fleets. As the young chieftain entered the harbor, the roar of a hundred guns thundered a welcome to the Captain-General of the League. The Venetian Admiral, in the interest of his State, which was even then suffering from the ravages of the Turk, was anxious to proceed at once against the enemy. Don John, however, with a prudence scarcely to be expected under the circumstances, declined to sail until the arrival of all his reinforcements, which were coming in almost daily. His arrangements were not completed until more than a fortnight after he assumed command. It was on the 16th of February, 1571, that this last of the Crusaders went forth to meet the unbeliever on the bosom of the deep, renewing on another element the strife waged so long on the sands of Palestine. Never since the days of Imperial Rome had such a fleet rode the waters of the "Middle sea."—More than three hundred vessels of war and about eighty thousand seamen and soldiers made up an armament more formidable than even the great Armada so well known to readers of English history. Sweeping through the straits of Messina, the mighty fleet rounded the toe of the boot of the Italian Peninsula, sailed northward through the straits of Otranto, and coasted along the shores of the ancient Calabria. Here news was brought Don John that the Turkish fleet was still in the waters of the Adriatic. Steering his course S. E. for the Island of Corfu, he there learned that the enemy lay at anchor, as if awaiting his approach, in the gulf of Lepanto, and resolved at once to attack him. Desirous, however, to await the arrival of a number of his vessels, detained by adverse winds and tides, he crossed over to a part of the mainland opposite,

where the whole fleet was passed in review before him, preparatory to going into action. At length all was in readiness.—Sweeping slowly southward, and passing many a spot famous in ancient story, the Confederates at length, on Sunday, the memorable 7th of October, came in sight of the enemy. At once the great standard of the League, of azure damask, bestowed by the consecrated hands of the Pope himself, was flung abroad to the breeze from the galley of Don John, and a signal-gun boomed its challenge to the Turkish foe. As the sound rolled over the waters, an answering shout from a hundred thousand combatants added its mighty note of defiance and warned the Turk that the hour was come.—Almost in these very waters, sixteen hundred years before, the soldiers of Anthony and Octavius had watched from the heights of Actium, the struggle for the Empire of a world. Never since that day had such a combat as the one now approaching been fought upon the waves. Six hundred vessels of war, and two hundred thousand combatants met face-to-face. Behind them lay many a spot dear to the lovers of genius and glory. Athens and Corinth heard the far sound of the conflict and the distant mountains of Alexander's Macedon looked down upon it.—Before them rose the heights of Actium and the rock where "burning Sappho" struck the last notes of the melting lyre. An October sun, mounting high into the zenith and lighting up the thousand beauties of an Ionian landscape, shone full into the eyes of the Turk as the hostile fleets approached each other. The combatants were animated with no common ardor for the fray. The Spaniards and Romans, sworn defenders of the faith, and enemies of heretics and unbelievers, were impelled by a religious enthusiasm and a thirst of glory as ardent as that which glowed in the breasts of the followers of St. Louis or Godfrey of Bouillon. The Venetians, burning with the recent memories of Famagosta, panted for a stroke at the murderers of their kindred. When, just before the battle, Don John sent messages to each of his brother-admirals to test the temper of the allies, both sent back answers full of fire and spirit. The answer of the Roman Admiral was couched in the words of St. Peter, "*etiamsi oporteat me mori, non te negabo.*" "Though I die, yet will I not deny Thee." The centre, or "battle" as it was called, of the christians was led by Don John in person; that of the Turks by their youthful admiral, Ali Pasha. As though sensible that the fortune of the day depended on the result of their encounter, the rival commanders, scorning all meaner adversaries, made straight for one another, urged far ahead of their respective lines by the exertions of the rowers, the two huge galleys met upon the water like the shock of a thunderbolt. Over the one waved the azure standard of the League, emblazoned with the sign of the Cross—over the other, the sacred standard of the Prophet, blazing with texts from the Koran in letters of gold and inscribed with the name of Allah twenty-eight thousand nine hundred times. The ensign of the Cross was defended by veterans chosen from the very flower of the Spanish infantry—a soldiery at that time altogether unmatched, and perhaps unequalled since save by the psalm-singing Ironsides of Cromwell, or the dumbly heroic veterans of the great Frederick. The ensign of the Prophet was upheld by a corps of the famous Janizaries, so long a name of terror to the enemies of the Porte. Both parties fought worthily of their well-earned renown. Twice the Turkish galley was boarded and twice the fierce

Janizaries drove back their assailants. The blue eye of John of Austria, bright with the light of battle, glittered in the front rank of the assailants, and the undaunted voice of Ali rose high above the din of conflict still cheering his followers to the fray. Meantime the fight, as well in the centre as on the wings, had become general. Early in the action the Venetian Admiral had been slain, and the left wing of the christians, under his command had sustained some losses. The soldiers of the republic, however, undaunted by these losses or the fall of their commander, had rallied to the fight with resistless impetuosity and fury, and were now boarding and capturing ship after ship of the enemy, sword in hand. At length the death of their leader completed the discomfiture of the Turks in this quarter, and the whole right wing fled or was destroyed. On the christian right and centre the combat still raged. A third time rallying his men to the assault, Don John once more commanded the trumpet to sound the onset.—The fury of the attack was met with equal fury on the part of the Janizaries, till the brave Ali fell, like a good captain, at the head of his men. His fall decided the doubtful fray. His followers at once threw down their arms before their conquerors, and soon the standard of the Cross was flying triumphant above the Turkish galley. A shout of triumph went up from the christian host, which struck more terror to the already sorely discomfited enemy. Soon all that remained of the great Armada that had swept so proudly out of Lepanto but a few hours before, was scudding before the wind to escape the christian pursuit. Never was victory more decisive and complete. Of the three hundred galleys the Turks brought into action, but forty escaped. Twenty five thousand slain and five thousand prisoners is the bloody record of their loss. Constantinople itself seemed to lie at the mercy of the victors and the Turkish Empire tottered to its foundations. All christendom rung with the fame of the victory, and the name of John of Austria was as the sound of a trumpet throughout the christian world.—Famous as it was, however, there is one circumstance connected with the great day of Lepanto, little noticed or cared for at the time, which we of the present generation regard, perhaps, with more interest than aught else relating to an event once so noisy in the world. The man who "laughed Spain's chivalry away," the immortal Cervantes, fought in the Roman fleet that day, doing the duty of a good and a valiant soldier. The passions and interests that produced the battle of Lepanto have long ceased to occupy the minds of men, and the name of the hero of that great day no longer fills "the sounding trump of fame." But the name of the author of Don Quixote is to-day "familiar in men's mouths as household words." His laurels refreshed by no blood of sprinkling, only bloom the brighter with the lapse of years. Themistocles, on being asked whether he would prefer to be Homer or Achilles, is said to have replied to his questioner, "would you prefer to be victor at the Olympic Games, or the crier who announces the victors' names?" The judgment of the great Grecian would, perhaps, be called in question in our day.—The achievements of the warrior, inspired by mere vulgar ambition or love of fame, are in their nature perishable; the achievements of genius, God-like in its origin, are immortal. Doubtless there are few now living, who, were the choice to be made would not prefer the name and fame of Cervantes, to that of John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto. S. C. READ.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WILLIAM COWPER.*

From the private hospital at St. Alban's, Cowper removed to Huntingdon on the 22d June, 1765.—John Cowper, the only other surviving member of his father's family, was a distinguished Fellow of Bennet College, Cambridge.—Huntingdon, though fifteen miles from the University, was the nearest point to it, where comfortable lodgings could be procured for William. There he was under the care and guardianship of his brother. One day of each week was spent by the brothers together. They visited each other alternately, and the poet every second week was compelled to ride the fifteen miles, though he was one of the poorest of horsemen. "A walking pace was tedious, a trot jolted him, and a gallop threatened to throw him into a ditch. With the exception of taking exercise, he rarely stirred from his fireside and his books. His reading was not the continuation of his London studies. He had entered into a new world of thought and had completely broken with the past. So indifferent was he to all his old pursuits that he never once, in five and twenty years, inquired for the library he had left in town. * * * To read and meditate upon religion was now his sole occupation in his solitary hours. He said that a letter on any other subject was more insipid to him than his school-boy tasks had ever been." (*London Quarterly.*) He thus describes this period of his life in a letter to Joseph Hill on the 18th of October, 1765; "my brother and I meet every week by an alternate reciprocation of intercourse, as Sam. Johnson would express it; sometimes I get a lift in a neighbor's chaise but generally ride. As to my own personal condition, *I am much happier than the day is long, and sunshine and candle-light alike see me perfectly contented.* I get books in abundance, a much company as I choose, a deal of comfortable leisure, and enjoy better health, I think, than for many years past. What is there wanting to make me happy? Nothing, if I can but be as thankful as I ought, and I trust that He who has bestowed so many blessings upon me will give me gratitude to crown them all." This is the language of a man who had given himself wholly to religious meditation. How absurd the thought that his melancholy proceeded from his religion.

He began life at Huntingdon by keeping bachelor's hall, but in three months had spent his income for twelve. He therefore was compelled to seek lodgings and was led by Providence, as he always believed, to the house of a Mr. Unwin, a clergyman. On the 25th October, he wrote to Joseph Hill an account of his first acquaintance with this family. "Their name is Unwin, the most agreeable people imaginable, quite sociable and as free from the ceremonious civility of country gentle folks as any I ever met with. The old gentleman carries me to Cambridge in his chaise. He is a man of learning and good sense, and as simple as parson Adams. His wife has a very uncommon understanding, has read much and to excellent purpose, and is more polite than a duchess. The son, who belongs to Cambridge, is a most excellent young man, and the daughter quite of a piece with the rest of the family. * * Now I know them, I wonder that I liked Huntingdon so well before, and I

* Concluded from page 129.

am apt to think I should find every place disagreeable that had not an Unwin belonging to it."—(*Life of Cowper.*) Mrs. Unwin, who proved the comfort and solace of his life for thirty-one years, is more particularly described in a letter to his cousin, Mrs. Cowper; "the lady in whose house I reside is so excellent a person and regards me with an affection so truly Christian that I could almost fancy my own mother restored to life again, to compensate me for all the friends I have lost and all my connections broken. * * It ought to be a matter of daily thanksgiving to me that I am admitted into the society of such persons, and I pray God to make me and keep me worthy of them."—(*Life of Cowper.*)

In eighteen months from the time Cowper took up his residence with the Unwins, Mr. Unwin was killed by a fall from his horse.—The poet, however, continued to reside with Mrs. Unwin till her death. The celebrated John Newton paid a visit of sympathy and condolence to Mrs. Unwin a few days after her bereavement and invited her and family to Olney. The invitation was accepted and for twenty years, Mrs. Unwin and Cowper resided in this village, then one of the most unpleasant in England. "The principal occupation was lace-making, which furnished even to unremitting diligence, so scanty a subsistence, that it was barely sufficient to sustain a miserable existence. The majority of the people were brutal in their manners and heathenish in their morals. Little creatures, seven years of age, made the place resonant every evening with curses and villainous songs. The cottages were disposed in a long dreary street, and the tottering mud walls and torn thatch of many of them were in keeping with the wretchedness of the inmates. The surrounding meadows were flooded during the winter, and Cowper was often doomed to sit for months over a cellar filled with water. The air in the winter was impregnated with the fish-smelling fumes of the marsh miasma; and to this he ascribed *the slow and spirit oppressing fever which visited all persons, who remained long in the locality.*" Notwithstanding these drawbacks, Cowper entered upon the most active duties of his life. He was much the almoner for the poor of the celebrated philanthropist, John Thornton, whose benevolence he has commemorated in one of the sweetest poems in the English language. He acted also as curate for Mr. Newton and visited the wretched, the sick and the dying, attended religious meetings, and notwithstanding his constitutional diffidence, took part in the devotional exercises. He and Mr. Newton were almost constantly with each other, and together, they composed the well known "Olney Hymns." While his life was gliding thus smoothly and usefully on, he received a great shock in the death of his brother, John Cowper, who was regarded as the best classic and greatest thinker in the University of Cambridge. Although a minister of the gospel, he knew nothing of the plan of salvation and all his life was inclined to Deism. When William was first made acquainted with the truth, he had frequent and lengthy conversations with his brother. These set John to thinking and to reading, and an entire change took place in his religious views and feelings on his deathbed. "I see," said the dying man, "the rock upon which I split and I see the rock of my salvation. I have learned that in a moment, which I could not have learned by reading books many years. There is but one key to the New Testament, there is but one interpreter." The triumphant faith of his brother in a crucified Redeemer was a source of infinite satisfac-

tion to the poet. "I have felt a joy" wrote he, "upon the subject of my brother's death such as I never felt but in my own conversion." In three years from that time, a cloud came over him, which continued until the close of his life, twenty-five years afterwards, with but few intermediate gleams of sunshine. It seems natural to attribute this recurrence of his malady to that "spirit oppressing fever," which he had said visited all who dwelt long in Olney. The horrible condition of the streets and country cut him off from his wonted rambles and accustomed exercise for eight months in the year. To a poet exquisitely sensitive to the grand and beautiful in nature, it must have been soul-sickening to look from his prison walls for months upon that scene of squalor and poverty, of mud and marsh and every abomination. Nothing can be more absurd than to attribute the return of his malady to religious melancholy. All his letters at Huntingdon and Olney speak of his happiness. His Olney hymns are full of hope and serenity. Mr. Newton testifies to his general cheerfulness.

Any one at all acquainted with madness is familiar with the fact that there is an entire perversity of all the feelings and emotions in that fearful disease. The unfortunate subject of it suspects, where he had most trusted, and hates, where he had most loved. The mother often destroys her own offspring. The husband kills the wife and the wife kills her husband. Cowper became suspicious of his tried friend Mrs. Unwin and believed that she and all others about him were intent on poisoning his food. Why not attribute to this perversity of madness his melancholy and his despair? Why seek in the effect of his insanity the cause of it? Is it not because the world wishes to regard religion as a gloomy and mischievous thing? Cowper's whole history disproves this theory. When his religious impressions were the strongest, his happiness was the greatest. When he could see the cross, it always loomed up to him as a beacon of hope guiding to a haven of peace and rest. When clouds and darkness seemed to surround it, he was on a tossed and troubled sea of anguish and despair.

The attack, in January, 1773, was more serious and of longer duration than his previous attacks. "His power to set his faculties in motion was gone, and he spent hours in blank imbecility, unless an impetus was given to his mind by a question, when he was capable of returning a rational answer. A melancholy of the darkest dye overshadowed him. He believed that his food was poisoned, that every body hated him and especially Mrs. Unwin, though he would allow no one else to wait upon him. His disposition to commit suicide required perpetual vigilance, which coupled with the trying nature of his delusions rendered the task of tending him a fearful one, both to mind and body. His incomparable friend discharged the office for nearly two years, not only with cheerfulness, but with gratitude, and said that if ever she praised God, it was when she found that she was to have all the labor. Her constitution never entirely rallied from the shock it received." (*London Quarterly.*)—Cowper went to spend a single night with Mr. Newton, but in his freak of madness chose to stay there fifteen months. All entreaties were in vain to get him to return to his home. His suspicious fears of Mrs. Unwin seem to have filled him with horror at the thought of going back. Mr. Newton bore the burden upon him with great patience and treated the unfortunate man with the greatest kindness. For three years, he was incapable of so much

mental effort as to write a single letter, and for ten years, he abandoned totally all devotional exercises. He believed himself a doomed man and that all prayers would be useless. During all this long period, he fancied that he could hear a voice from Heaven commanding him to destroy himself, and he made repeated attempts to obey the mandate. It is an instructive fact that this time of his greatest depression, was that of his greatest neglect of religion.—He made no effort whatever to resist the wiles of the tempter.

Cowper's restoration to sanity was effected by the same means as those employed at St. Alban's.—His thoughts were turned from himself to external objects in nature. He was made to feel an interest in feeding some little chickens, next in gardening, and finally in the rearing and care of three leverets or hares. "One of the two he has celebrated in the Task: and a very animated minute account of this singular family humanized and described by himself most admirably, appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, and has been recently inserted in the sacred volume of his poems. These interesting animals had not only the honor of being celebrated by a poet, but the pencil has also contributed to their renown." (*Life of Cowper page* 86–7.) The reader will recall a like tenderness to the brute creation in a poet of like sensibility. Burns' elegy on his pet ewe "poor Maillie," his malediction against the hunter on seeing a wounded hare, and his pitying address to the mouse turned up by his ploughshare, all breathe the same kindly interest in helpless animals.

At the instance of Mrs. Unwin, Cowper, when restored to better health, began to write for the press. His first volume of poems was published in 1782, when he was fifty years old. These were of no great merit and attracted not much attention. Had Cowper died at this time, his name would never have reached posterity. He had as yet never tried blank verse, upon which his great fame now rests, nor did he know that he had a genius for it. This discovery was made by accident.

"A lady by the name of Jones was one of the few neighbors admitted into the residence of the poet. Her sister, the widow of Sir Robert Austen, Baronet, came to spend some time with her in the autumn of 1781; and as the two ladies chanced to call at a shop in Olney, opposite to the house of Mrs. Unwin, Cowper observed them from the window.—Although naturally shy, and rendered more so by his very long illness, he was so struck with the appearance of the stranger that he requested Mrs. Unwin to invite her and Mrs. Jones to tea. So strong was his reluctance to admit the company of strangers, that after he had occasioned the invitation, he was for a long time unwilling to join the little party; but having forced himself at last to engage in conversation with Lady Austen, he was so reanimated by her uncommon colloquial talents that he attended the ladies on their return to Clifton, and from that time continued to cultivate the regard of his new acquaintance with such assiduous attention that she soon received from him the endearing title of Sister Ann."—(*Life of Cowper.*) To this lady, the world is indebted for the sprightliest of all Cowper's pieces, the ballad of John Gilpin. "It is a very remarkable fact that full of gaiety and humor as this favorite of the public has abundantly proved itself to be, it was really composed at a time when the spirit of the poet, as he informed me himself, was very deeply tinged with his depressive malady. It happened one afternoon, Lady Austen made a part of his little evening circle and observed him sinking

into increased dejection: it was her custom on these occasions to try all the resources of her sprightly powers to afford him immediate relief. She told him the story of John Gilpin, (which had been treasured up in her memory from her childhood) to dissipate the gloom of the passing hour. Its effect on the fancy of Cowper had the air of enchantment; he informed her next morning, that convulsions of laughter, brought on by his recollections of her story, had kept him walking during the greater part of the night and that he had turned it into a ballad."—(*Life of Cowper.*) Many of the brightest witticisms and funniest comicalities of Hood were composed, in like manner, when he was under great depression of spirits. The heart alone knoweth its own bitterness.

Is an author's enjoyment of his own productions a proper measure of their value? While Burns was composing Tam O'Shanter, his laughter was so loud and his gesticulations so extravagant, as to excite in the minds of his friends, the most serious alarm for his sanity.

It is wonderful that the same mind should have composed the comical story of John Gilpin and that noblest of poems on the loss of the Royal George. What versatility of talent is thus displayed in the production of the most humorous of ballads and the grandest of dirges. These pieces would probably have lived even though the reputation of the author had not been vastly increased by his success in blank verse. To this his attention was turned, as we have said, by an accident. "Lady Austen, as an admirer of Milton, happened to be partial to blank verse, and often solicited her poetical friend to try his powers in that species of composition. After repeated solicitation, he promised her, if she would furnish the subject, he would comply with her request. She replied, 'O, you can never be in want of a subject, you can write upon any thing, write upon the Sofa.' The poet obeyed her command and from the lively repartee of familiar conversation a poem (The Task) of many thousand verses, unexampled perhaps both in its origin and its excellence. A Poem of such infinite variety, that it seems to include every subject and every style without any dissonance or disorder; and to have flowed without effort from inspired philanthropy eager to impress upon the hearts of all readers, whatever may lead them most happily to the full enjoyment of human life, and to the final attainment of Heaven." (*Life of Cowper.*) Prof. Henry Reed says "no poet of the last century did as much as Cowper for the restoration of the admirable music of the then neglected blank verse." "The Task," which was composed in the winter of 1784, became popular on its first appearance. "Fireside employments, domestic happiness, English landscapes, and English writers, were subjects, which, when touched by the hand of a master appealed to the experience of millions. * * The poet has displayed one quality in a stronger degree than it was ever possessed by any describer of nature—the capacity of describing scenes with a distinctness, which makes them like visible objects to the mind. They are not more vivid than true, and he has blended the accuracy of the topographer with the picturesqueness of the poet. The language is no longer of the commonplace character, which is found so often in his previous works, but is as choice as it is simple. Nothing in "The Task" is so remarkable as the skill with which he constantly picks out the one felicitous word in the tongue, which conveys his meaning with the happiest effect. The sketch he gives in the 'Winter Evening' of the appearance of the landscape

before snow, and of the fall of the fleecy shower itself, is one instance out of many of his wonderful faculty for picturesque delineation." (*London Quarterly.*) Cowper was a great admirer of "Thomson's Seasons" and his own descriptions were much influenced by those of his predecessor. The authority above quoted gives the preference to the descriptive powers of Cowper. "The proportion in him of what is good is larger, and his good passages are in general of a higher grade of excellence. His language is more select and felicitous, his metre is more musical, his scenes are more picturesque, and his topics are more various." Although Dr. Franklin and Samuel Johnson had expressed their admiration of his verses in rhyme, the British public pronounced their verdict in favor of his blank-verse, and we imagine that posterity will not reverse the judgment.

Cowper's intimacy with the lady who had pointed out to him the path, which led him to the world-wide renown was suddenly broken off. He discovered that she was willing to join her lot with his, and his obligations to his devoted friend Mrs. Unwin, as well as the uncertainty in regard to the return of his malady forbade him entertaining a thought of marriage. He wrote her a letter undeceiving her as to his sentiments.—This in a moment of vexation she burnt, but she ever afterwards spoke of him with kindness.

The rooms vacated by Lady Austen were soon occupied by Lady Hesketh, the poet's cousin, and he hastened to renew his intimacy with his charming relative.—Through her generosity, he was supplied with the funds necessary to remove to Weston, a neighboring village, where a comfortable residence, and beautiful scenery awaited him. He had formed the acquaintance of the Throckmortons, an estimable Catholic family, and the chief inducement with him for the removal was to enjoy their society. But human expectations of enjoyment are generally doomed to disappointment. Mrs. Unwin's son died in a few weeks after they removed to Weston.—The shock may have brought on another of the poet's attacks. For six months, he was almost totally insane and again attempted to destroy himself. Mrs. Unwin, accidentally coming in one day, found him hanging by the neck and cut him down before life was extinct. It was necessary for him to have employment as soon as he was restored to reason, and he began a translation of Homer upon which he was engaged five years. "He has preserved the vivid pictures, the naked grandeur, and the primitive manners of the original. He does not excel Pope more in fidelity than than in true poetic power. The style may seem austere at a casual glance, but will be found on a close acquaintance to be full of dignity, picturesqueness and force." (*London Quarterly.*) The criticism of Lord Jeffrey is not so favorable, but that of Dr. Clarke is more eulogistic. All the critics concur in the accuracy and fidelity of the translation, but they differ as to its poetic merit. He submitted his work to the inspection of his friends, as it progressed, and heard all their objections to style and rendering. He had learned to fear the critics and wished to place himself above their carping. He wrote to Lady Hesketh, "the frown of a critic freezes my poetical powers, and discourages me to a degree that makes me ashamed of my own weakness.—Having commenced author, I am most abundantly desirous to succeed. I have (what perhaps you little suspect me of) an infinite share of ambition." (*Life of Cowper, page* 171.) His incurable diffidence was the great obstacle in the way of his success, and to this he alludes with equal frankness in

the same letter. "To this continuation of opposite qualities, (timidity and ambition,) it has been owing that till lately, I stole through life without attempting any thing, yet always wishing to distinguish myself. At last I ventured, ventured too in the only path yet open to me, and am determined, if God have not determined otherwise, to work my way into notice through the obscurity that has so long been my portion." Let it not be supposed that greatness was thrust upon Cowper.—He had his trials, his labors and his difficulties like all others who have won either fame or fortune.

To give employment to his mind, and keep his thoughts from being turned inward upon himself, his publisher suggested to him to edit a splendid edition of Milton's works. Wm. Hayley, the friend of Gibbon, was employed on another edition at the same time, which was subsequently published. This through the generosity of Hayley led to a cordial friendship with Cowper, instead of to an invidious rivalry. A praise-worthy example worthy of imitation by all writers. Cowper never began the projected work, and his generous friend became the biographer of our poet himself. Mrs. Unwin was struck with paralysis and Cowper gave up every thing to watch and nurse her, who had been so faithful to him for nearly thirty years. "He abandoned Milton, took upon himself the office of nurse, and wore out his strength and spirits in attending on her.—He, who had been unable to bear his burden without her assistance, had now to carry her load as well as his own. Bowed down by the double pressure, his gloom increased upon him. His dreams were more troubled; he heard voices more frequently, and their language was more threatening. * * His verses to 'Mary' (Mrs. Unwin,) are the most touching and beautiful ever penned. The intensity of his affection for his poor paralytic forms every line, and is summed up in the exclamation '*My Mary*,' which forms the burden of each stanza. The steady decline of his 'Mary's' understanding dragged his own along with it. Lady Hesketh paid him her annual visit in the winter of 1793. He then hardly stirred from the side of Mrs. Unwin, who was fast relapsing into second childhood. He took no exercise, nor used his pen, nor even read a book, unless to her. To watch her sufferings in bleak despair, and to endeavor to relieve them was his sole business in life."—(*London Quarterly.*) Mrs. Unwin lingered three years longer, before she obtained her blessed release. Cowper survived her four years—during a portion of this time he was sane enough to revise his translation of Homer. Soon after completing his task, he wrote 'The Castaway,' the last of all his original productions. A few translations of Latin poems into English, or of English poems into Latin was all that he attempted afterward. The darkness continued over him to the last and "unutterable despair" was among the last utterances from his lips. God frequently lays his hand most heavily upon his own children in the closing hours of life, that the transition to a state of blessedness may be all the more glorious.—What a change there was for the poor poet from the wail of despair to the triumphant "song of Moses and the Lamb," from the gloom and darkness of his dying bed to the city all radiant with the effulgence of the Sun of Righteousness.

Cowper's great fame is not dependent merely upon his poetry. His familiar letters place him in the first rank of English writers. Prof. Reed pronounces them the purest and most perfect specimens in our language. "Considering the secluded, uneventful life of Cowper, the charm in his letters is

wonderful ; and it is to be explained, I believe, chiefly by the exquisite light of poetic truth which his imagination shed upon daily life, whether the theme was man, himself or a fellow-being, or books, or the brute creation which he loved to handle with such thoughtful tenderness. His seclusion did not separate him from sympathy with the stirring events of his times ; and alike in seasons of sunshine or of gloom, there is in his letters an ever-present beauty of quiet wisdom, and a gentle but fervent spirit." Robert Hall is still more enthusiastic. "I have always considered the letters of Mr. Cowper as the finest specimen of the epistolary style in our language. To an air of inimitable ease and carelessness they unite a high degree of correctness, such as could only result from the clearest intellect combined with the most finished taste. I have scarcely found a single word which is capable of being exchanged for a better. Literary errors I can discern none. The selection of words, and the construction of periods, are inimitable ; they present as striking a contrast as well can be conceived to the turgid verbosity, which passes at present for fine writing."

No biography in English history is more full of instruction than that of Cowper. We can only notice a few thoughts suggested by it.

First : Southey is right in his view that the poet mingled too little in the world, and that his thoughts were turned too much within to the contemplation of his own misery. Had he gone more abroad, he would have seen cases of real wretchedness, which would have diverted his mind from his imaginary woes. He would have seen many who were thankful for small mercies and he might have caught their thankful spirit. The merriest of all songsters is the mocking-bird, which imitates the glad notes of others. He is the brightest and most cheerful Christian, who learns from his neighbors their hymns of praise and gratitude.

Second : Let us not be deceived by outward appearances. The literature of the last century was most enriched by a shy retiring man, unknown to and unnoticed by the world. Thousands of his contemporaries, who dazzled the eyes of the world and gave great promise of usefulness, are to-day forgotten. So 'tis in nature. The most fragrant tree of the forest is the crab-apple. The air is laden with perfume for a great distance around it. But all this sweetness of promise ends in sour fruit.— We have been startled in going through our thick Southern woods, with a glimpse of what seemed to be a pyramid of snow rising up amid the dark green foliage. On approaching it proved to be the *Cornus Florida*, the most beautiful of all our trees with the most unromantic of names, the dogwood. But the snowy blossoms yield no perfume and the tree bears no fruit.

The diamond, the hardest of substances, can be put to but few uses. Glass, which is the most brittle, has a countless variety of applications in the arts of civilized life. Cowper was one of the most frail, the most timid, and the most unfortunate of men, and yet he has left one of the richest legacies to his native tongue. Millions, who had braver hearts and stronger arms, have conferred no benefit upon their race and have left no name behind.

Third : The proper treatment of the insane is clearly pointed out. It is calling their attention to the wondrous works of God ; his majesty shown in seas, lakes, mountains and rivers ; his benevolence in the sweetness of flowers, the songs of birds and the sports of animals. He who stands by the crater of Vesuvius and looks within at the boiling lava will have his

brain grow dizzy by the awful sight and by the noxious vapors ascending. But let him step aside and he will see the richest verdure, clustering vines and waving fields. He who turns his eye within upon that seething caldron of corruption, the human heart, will find his head reel and his soul sicken with the ghastly contemplation: but there are still bright and beautiful spots in all this moral ruin,—glorious acts of heroism, noble deeds of charity, lofty triumphs over the world and grander victories over self. And should these not be found, there are the bright luminaries above and thousands of places even on earth, which bear no trace of the pollution of sin and are radiant with all their pristine beauty and purity.

THE HAVERSACK.

We have been promised for publication a large number of unpublished reports of battles from officers of rank. These, though necessary to the vindication of the truth of history, give no picture of life in the ranks. For this, we must depend upon subordinate officers and privates; and to them we renew our appeal for authentic facts and anecdotes. A distinguished Major General writing from Monticello, Florida, says, "important official reports of our officers of rank are not likely to be lost to history. It is incidents and facts not embodied in these reports, but enshrined in the hearts of our people, particularly incidents and facts connected with the courage, skill, endurance, devotion and patriotism of the private soldier and the subaltern officer, which should now be rescued from oblivion and admitted to the record."

It would be a source of pride and gratification to us to make the Magazine the depositary of these glorious deeds and we look to those of subordinate grade to furnish the facts.

Napoleon, Arkansas, furnishes an anecdote of a Mississippi regiment of cavalry, whose members were tortured with the fear of never getting into a battle and disgusted at never having had a chance to show their prowess.

After the defeat of our army at Corinth under Van Dorn, it was ordered to Grenada by Pemberton, who had just assumed command of the District of Mississippi. The — regiment of Mississippi cavalry was ordered to that point, although it did not belong to that division of the army. This regiment had become somewhat famous for its marching and countermarching incessantly, without ever getting into a serious engagement, and the mortification and chagrin of the men were extremely great at the *ranger*-reputation of their regiment. As it entered the suburbs of the town, some one of the "melish" called out, "where is that regiment from?" A disgusted trooper replied, "from every place in the Confederacy except this, and it will be from this place soon." On we went towards the center of the town, troops were there from Price's army, from the army of the Mississippi, &c. A soldier just out of a hospital and desirous to get back to his own army, next accosted us, "what army does that regiment belong to?" "To the Confederate Army," was the prompt re-

ply and Grenada rang with the laughter and cheers elicited by this sally. While we were encamped there, Grant came up to Coffeeville, only twenty miles distant, with a portion of his army. One of our mischievous lads came riding into camp saying that he had just got very important news from the head quarters of General Pemberton. "What is it?" cried out many eager voices. "There has been a flag of truce in town." "Who sent it?" demanded the excited crowd. "Old Grant himself" was the reply. "Well, what does he want?" "Oh, nothing much, only he says that he wishes to conduct war on civilized principles, and as he intends to shell this town, he requests that the women, children and the — Mississippi regiment of cavalry be removed beyond all danger."

The same Napoleonic friend furnishes a second anecdote, which we have heard before, but it will doubtless be new to most of our readers.

When General Bragg retreated from Chattanooga to Chickamauga, General Forrest covered the retreat, and as the sequel will show, destroyed an old woman's ash-hopper. As Bragg returned, after the defeat of Rosecrantz, he stopped at a log-cabin and asked for a drink of water. As the good lady of the house seemed to be truly Southern, he asked her if the troops had done her any harm. Not knowing who he was, she replied "yes, that they did. Mr. Bragg came along here with his foot company and they never done a hate. He's a rael gentleman, and my old man says so, and I know from the way that he and his foot company treated me that they are all rael gentlemen. But Captain Forrest, he come along with his critter company, and he made a row of his men and his big guns right round my house and they tore down my ash-hopper, a bran new one, and I wouldn't taken ten dollars for it. I won't say that he is a rael gentleman, and that his critter company is rael gentlemen, that I won't."—General Bragg ordered his quartermaster to pay the ten dollars for the broken ash-hopper.

D. H. C. M.

The next four incidents come from Laurens, South Carolina.

During the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13th, 1862, the 3d South Carolina regiment, was posted in front of the memorable Marye's House. The men were lying down in an open yard and firing from that position, when private Cathcart was struck in the eye. As he was starting to the rear, his mess-mate asked him if he was badly wounded, and being answered in the affirmative, he replied "I will revenge you old fellow," and rising to his feet, he continued loading and firing in a standing position till the close of the action. How he could have lived under the fire of so many rifles directed at him, individually, must ever remain among the mysteries of war.

During the same battle, a private in company A, of same regiment, remarkable for his coolness, was firing from behind a tree, when he was struck by a ball in the head, which brought him to the ground. Rising at length to his feet, he stepped in front of the tree and shaking his fists at the enemy, he abused the blue-coats in the bitterest language. Finding his wound painful, he retired to the rear to get it dressed, where he met his Colonel severely wounded and vainly seeking some one to carry an order to the regiment. Without waiting for the dressing of his wound, he promptly returned bearing the message.

At the battle of Chickamauga, Kershaw's brigade relieved Hood's old Texas brigade, under a very

heavy fire. Before advancing, it became necessary to make a change of front, so as to flank the extreme right of the enemy. As the left of the brigade swung around and through a yard in which shells were bursting plentifully, an old negro ran out of one of the houses frightened almost out his life, and raising both hands cried out "de blessed Lord, white folks, why dont you stop shootin and argufy wid one anoder!"

On the afternoon of the battle of Chancellorsville, General McLaws' division was sent to hold Sedgwick in check, who was then advancing from Fredericksburg along the plank road. He met the enemy at Salem Church, and immediately placed his men in line, giving to General Wilcox of Anderson's division the centre.—The 9th Alabama was placed in reserve of the 10th. On came the enemy in three lines and at a double quick, when within twenty paces the 10th rose and delivered a volley into the enemy, but such was the force of the charge that the 10th gave back a few paces. The 9th rose with a yell, crossing bayonets, and fired a destructive volley into them. The enemy fled, and were pursued by the brigade for some distance. As they came back they brought among the prisoners quite a wag. Stopping where the dead lay thickest he remarked; "You rebs are sharper than you used to be.—You used to shoot us anywhere; now you shoot in the head so as not to bloody our clothes."—Nearly all were shot in the head, and he alluded to our practice of stripping the dead of their clothing to cover our nakedness.

N. M. H.

Jacksonville, Fla., sends an account of a Spartan mother.

On the sea-coast of Georgia, there lived at the breaking out of the war a widow lady with seven sons. She armed and equipped six of them and sent them forth to battle for our dear native land. Five of them entered one regiment. It was my pleasant privilege, from time to time, to read her letters to her noble sons. In not one of them, was the request ever made that they would try to get furloughs, but they all contained the prayer, a *mother's* prayer, that they would do their duty. And nobly did they perform it. From the beginning to the close of the war, they were never absent from their post. They entered as privates and privates they remained, although often offered commissions in the field and at home, where they might have remained in ease and grown rich by speculation. In '63 the heroic mother paid a visit to the regiment, which had five of her sons. The morning on which she left, she called upon the Colonel and asked him, "have my sons done their duty?" "Madam, they are the best soldiers in the army." "I knew they would do their duty. I have not come, sir, to ask favors for them, but to give you my seventh son, my Benjamin, the child of my old age.—He is only sixteen, but old enough to serve his country." Tenderly kissing her sons, she returned alone to her desolate home. It was my sad duty, some months afterwards, to tell her of the reported death of one of her sons. For some moments nature prevailed and the *patriot* was lost in the *mother*.—But recovering, she kneeled down and with a calm voice thanked God for sparing her other sons and for enabling the one, for whom she mourned, to do his duty to the last. And then she earnestly implored the Almighty to give her surviving sons grace and strength to acquit themselves like men.—On parting with her, she gave me this message to her boys, "tell them that I can hear of their death and live, but to learn that they had

proved recreant to their country would kill me." God has kindly preserved to this noble woman five of her true and gallant sons.

J. P. B.

We regret that our correspondent does not authorize the publication of the name of this noble woman, though he has given it in a private note.

A member of General Jackson's staff sent us the annexed anecdote, locating the occurrence in a Richmond hospital. After receiving it, we saw a similar anecdote related of a patient in a French hospital. It is worth preserving wherever it happened.

During the summer of 1864, while the hospitals in Richmond were crowded with wounded, the ladies of the city visited them daily, carrying with them delicacies of every kind, and vied with each other in their efforts to comfort and cheer up the wounded. On one occasion, a bright-eyed damsel, of about seventeen summers, was distributing flowers and speaking tender words of encouragement to those around her, when she overheard a young officer, who was suffering from his wounds, exclaim: "Oh my Lord!" Approaching him rather timidly in order to rebuke his profanity, she said "I think I heard you call upon the name of the Lord. I am one of his daughters. Is there any thing I can ask him for you?" A hasty glance upon her lovely face and perfect form caused his countenance to brighten, as he instantly replied. "Yes, please ask him to make me his *son-in-law!*"

We profess to be and we are excessively *national;* but at the same time, we honestly confess that we have State pride and State exclusiveness enough to be very much gratified at learning that another of the six heroes of Petersburg belonged to our own noble State.—We know no north, no south, no east and no west inside of Dixie; but we hope never to see the day when we will love other States better than the State of our birth and the State of our adoption. From a heroic Captain of the 56th North Carolina regiment, we get the following account:

Your allusion to the "six nameless heroes" at Petersburg called to mind the bravery of a Confederate soldier, which deserves to live in history. We had just returned from that memorable charge on the night of the 17th June, 1864, in which Mat. Ransom's brigade, a portion of Elliott's, and probably a few other troops, succeeded in regaining the line to the left of the Baxter road, which had been lost by another command a few hours before. We were assigned a new position several hundred yards to the rear, on top of the ground, and told to "hide ourselves." Thus we began on the morning of the 18th June, our last ditch around Petersburg. Nearly every man was provided with an extra gun, but few with spades or picks. The work goes on with a will, but is only half completed, when our skirmishers are driven into the already crowded ditch. The 56th North Carolina occupied in part the ground which on the 30th July became the celebrated "crater." A battery to the right of the Baxter road endeavors to enfilade our line, and throws a shell into the ditch swarming with human life. But it is seized in an instant by private John Alvis Parker, company D, 56th North Carolina regiment, and thrown beyond the parapet, with an unflinching courage worthy of the noblest sons of Rome, when Rome could boast a self-sacrificing Curtius. I heard that a similar feat was performed by a member of Pegram's battery on the same day, a section of which was posted between the wings of our regiment, and remained there till blown up on the 30th of July following.

It is a fact of history that the "Army of the Potomac," after taking all the summer to "fight it out on this" (ever-changing) "line," was reduced to such a mere skeleton of its former magnitude, that its commander found it necessary to call for a 100,000 more men to reëstablish his *dead line.* How well the new levies all stood up to their post, I am not prepared to say, but I can speak with confidence of the fighting qualities of those opposed to Ransom's brigade then on the extreme left of the trenches on the south side of the Appomatox; our left resting on that river. The recruits (Federal) opened negotiations with us immediately upon their arrival at the front, frequently sending over as many as twenty-five (25) *peace commissioners* in a single night. A large proportion of these delegates belonged to the 5th New Hampshire. In order that no obstacles should be thrown in the way of these friendly negotiations, we were directed to refrain from unnecessary picket firing at night. Our lines were not more than a stone's throw apart and conversation could be carried on without difficulty. During a quiet spell, an inquisitive yankee called out "Johnnie, what regiment is that over there?" Private L. Sawyer, of company A, 56th North Carolina regiment, promptly replied, "5th N. Hampshire." The yankees greeted this hit at the deserting proclivities of the 5th New Hampshire, with peals of laughter such as I have never heard before or since from a line of battle.

In the night fight on the 17th June, the 35th North Carolina, (not a large regiment,) had 70 killed dead, in the hand to hand fight across the works, losing its colors, but capturing in exchange one from the Yankees. Our brigade captured a large number of prisoners. I remember one amusing incident in this connection. Just after getting into the re-captured works, I saw a great crowd breaking to the rear, I ran to them, ordering and imploring them to come back and not give up tamely the works, which had cost us so much blood to retake. You may imagine my change of feeling, when I found that they were yankee prisoners. Some of them, I was told, were Indians. All were of the same color in the dark. We heard that Beauregard said that Ramseur's brigade straggled to the front, while others straggled to the rear, meaning that we had charged and re-captured the works, without any orders to do so.

It is generally supposed that there never was such bitter animosity felt between the troops of two opposing armies, as existed during the late war. If so, the following incident is an exception occurring in a regiment, from a State, whose troops represented by the 6th North Carolina regiment carried the Southern Cross at Gettysburg further into the ranks of the enemy, than did the soldiers of any of her sister States. We had driven the Beast or rather his army (for as usual he was not with it) from the strongly intrenched semi-circle around Drewry's Bluff; Beauregard's attacking column being one third less in number than that of the enemy. This was on the 16th May, 1864. On the 20th May, four days after, we were called upon to "bottle up" the unclean animal. We charged his troops at Ware Bottom Church and drove them back upon their inner line, in supporting distance of their gunboats. The Confederates now began a strong line, following generally the direction of the old yankee line, from Howlett's house to a creek emptying into the Appomatox. While this is in building, picket firing is suspended by mutual consent; and the yankees true to their nature are ready for a trade. Newspapers,

knives, coffee, sugar, anything is offered for tobacco, which was then a part of our regular ration. In the intimacy thus springing up, a soldier from the mountains of North Carolina actually loaned a yankee his pick to dig a rifle pit. The yankee honorably returned it, when he thought that his rat hole was sufficiently deep and secure.

Whether the bitterness of feeling was greater in this war than in other wars, I cannot say; but I know of no similar instance in history of lending military tools.

R. D. G.

We have but a single comment to make on this narrative of Captain G.

We have not a shadow of a doubt that "the peace commissioners," of the 5th North Carolina during the war, are, without a solitary exception, "war-to-the-knife" men now that hostilities are over. Every dodger from the field is now as full of martial fury as Major Generals Butler and Schenck, or Lieutenant Generals Forney and Sumner.

But for such cowardly bravoes, the fighting men of the two armies, like him who loaned the pick and him who returned it, could reconstruct a nation with mutual esteem and good will. After the establishment of the line around Bermuda Hundreds on the 20th of May, each side seemed to expect an attack from the other. We were witness to an amusing instance of a false alarm on both sides, one beautiful moonlight night. A working party from our side had been thrown outside of the works to throw up an exterior line. They thought that they saw an attacking column of the enemy advancing, and ran back in great disorder. A furious fire of musketry broke out all along our intrenchments, and was responded to by artillery and infantry from the other side. Major Reid of Georgia climbed upon our parapet and in a loud voice assured our men that no enemy was in view. By the most strenuous exertions we succeeded in stopping our own useless fire, but that from Butler's troops was kept up for at least an hour, and was one of the most beautiful and innocent pyrotechnic exhibitions we ever witnessed. An exchange of papers some days after, explained that Butler's men thought that we were attacking them. The veracious army correspondents wrote, "on came the rebels in three heavy columns, with their old infernal yells. An orderly was sent in all haste to General Butler. 'General, the rebels are attacking our lines.' In his cool way, the General replied, 'let them attack, we are ready for the rascals.' Truly were we ready for we plied them so briskly with grape, canister and small arms that they broke and ran—this morning 332 dead bodies were found in front of our works. The rebels succeeded in removing all their wounded and probably many of their dead." So ran the account, and so particularly was the number of the slain given. Now the truth was that we did not have a single man killed, and only one was wounded. This was but a specimen of the usual style of dispatches from Butler's camp. The great coolness of the General may possibly be accounted for, by the fact that he was miles away from the point of attack and very near to a gun-boat, which would have afforded a safe asylum.

Fulton, Missouri, gives a similar instance of a false alarm during Johnston's retreat from Dalton to Atlanta.

While lying at New-Hope Church, in Georgia, the yankees and the Missippians seem to have got a mutual alarm and kept up a furious fire all night, neither party moving out of their intrenchments. The Mississippians complained bitterly the next day that they had been fiercely attacked, and

that Ector's Texas brigade and Cockrill's Missouri brigade had not come to their assistance. The Texans retorted that the Mississippians had been firing all night at fire-flies, which were very numerous at that place. A deputy was sent to the Mississippi commander with a written resolution, adopted by Ector's brigade, asking him to furnish them with a thousand packages of lamp-black. He courteously replied, "I would be glad to do any thing for the gallant Texans, but what in the name of common sense can they want with lamp-black?" The deputy affecting the fool replied, "well, I don't adzactly know, Gineral, but I hearn some of the boys say that your men kept up such a shootin at lightnin' bugs that they couldn't sleep good of a night, and they thought 'twould be a good thing to blacken the tails of them bugs, and I kinder reckon that that is what they want with the lamp-black." N. C. K.

It is well known that at Yorktown the opposing forces were separated by a narrow stream, dignified by the name of Warwick *river*. One night, a young Brigadier imagined that an assaulting column was crossing the little piece of water in front of him.—He opened a brisk fire and sent to Longstreet for reinforcements.—General L. turned quietly over in his bed and sent word that he would help him, when he was worse pressed than at present.—Others however, did not take matters so coolly and hastened to the supposed point of attack. The writer of this had a ride of three miles over a bad road on a dark night. When the furious firing at length stopped, a voice came over the water with a real New England twang, "well rebs, yeou have done it now. Dew tell how many frogs yeou've killed!" The frog story was a very sore one to our young officer, who only got it hushed up by the threat of "pistols and coffee for two." The whole alarm had doubtless been caused, as the yankee suggested, by some frogs jumping into the water. The history of war is full of such instances. The reader will remember the panic in the British fleet during the revolutionary war, so happily hit off by Francis Hopkins in the "battle of the kegs."

A Federal officer said to a Southern lady, "those grey devils (Confederates) will be coming in as soon as we leave, but I hope that you will avoid their company." She replied, "my mother had a very cheerful disposition and she taught me to shun nothing so much as *blue-devils*."

Our Fulton friend gives two instances of the innocence of the good country women of a sister State.

While Hood was at Atlanta, a detachment was sent out to the rear of Sherman's army under Colonel Hill, of Louisiana. Lieutenant Baldwin of the 2d Missouri regiment and I stopped one day, to get dinner, at the house of a very clever old lady with three fine looking daughters. At the table, she asked us, where we were from. "From Missouri madam" replied I. She looked over her spectacles, as though trying to gaze through illimitable space and said slowly. "Missouri, Missouri, Missouri, why that joins Gwinnett don't it?" Now Gwinnett was a county just across the Chattahoochee river. Baldwin choked down a laugh and said "certainly madam." The youngest daughter, a sweet girl of sixteen, in the innocence of her heart felt infinite pride at her mother's wisdom, and said, "why, I declar, mammy knows every thing, she has been to all them places."

In the same region another good lady, may Heaven bless her, for

she *was* good, found out that we belonged to Johnston's army and begged us to go and see her son, when we went back. We told her that we would certainly do so, if she would tell us what company and regiment he belonged to, so that we might find him. She answered, "I dont know them things, but you can find *him*. *He's* in Johnston's army, every body thar knows *my* son. He's in Bill Jones' mess and works at the Sergeant's trade. Why, bless your soul you can't help finding my son in Johnston's army." N. C. K.

The Colonel of the 26th North Carolina regiment, who afterwards became the best Governor in the Confederacy, said that he made his will three times in crossing the open field in front of the enemy's batteries at Malvern Hill. At length, they reached a piece of ploughed ground and there laid down. The men tried to shelter themselves from the furious tornado of minnie balls and grape shot by lying down between the rows. But unfortunately the furrows ran up towards the batteries and served as troughs for the rolling projectiles. One of the privates, rather dissatisfied with this state of things, said, "Colonel, them cussed Virginians have ploughed this field the wrong way!"

A few days after this, we visited the regiment near the James river. A gun-boat had discovered its position and was throwing one hundred pound shells, called by our men "lamp-posts." A negro very much excited by these huge missiles cried out, "de yankees is shootin' rotten shells 'mong us, dey go bustin' all over de groun'!"

The next comes from Waxhaw, South Carolina.

In the early part of the war, Capt. John ——, of South Carolina cavalry, received from a friend, Robert ——, of South Carolina infantry, a present of a copy of cavalry tactics with the following lines from Burns to John Lapraik written on the fly-leaf.

Guid speed an' furder to you, Johnny,
Guid health, hale banes an' weather bonny,
Now when ye're nickan down fu' canny
The staff o' bread,
May ye never want a stoup of bran'y
To clear your head.

Captain John turns over and writes on the other page

Ah Rab! ah Rab, it gars me fear
Ewn handlin o' sic warlike gear;
But sin' wi' guid intent ye sent it
The bulk wi' mickle care I'll tent it,
Gif 'twill ensure me 'gainst the pranks
O' knavish loons, they call the yanks
Wh'have ta'en i' their heads o' late
To suck an' burn an' subjugate;
Or gif, 'twill teach me better how
A Southern man may meet a foe,
My thanks ye hae, the heartiest o' them,
A drap o' friendship added to them.

Captain Mc —— was in the habit of teasing Captain W —— with the following joke on the Floridians. He, (Captain Mc.) said that he was sent towards the close of the battle of Sharpsburg to bring up some stragglers from the field. He accosted a man with "what regiment do you belong to, sir?" The soldier coolly answered. "Eight." "What eight?" "Florida eight." What are you doing here, why aint you in the fight?" The man answered with great deliberation, "wall, you see, our Colonel he got killed, and all the rest, they got wounded 'cept me and Bill Silverheels; and Bill he got wounded in the hat, and so I reckoned as how 'twas no use for me to stay thar by myself, and I jist come back and was gwine to ax Ginral Lee for a furlough to go home." R. M. S.

At the first battle of Manassas, Captain Jones of North Carolina (afterwards Colonel Jones of General Bragg's staff) saw a man running to the rear and stopped him with, "where are you going, you cowardly rascal?" "I am no coward," replied the runaway.—"Why dont you stay in your company and fight them?" asked the Captain. The man answered, "I am not a bit scared, but I never

could stand a racket and they are making the biggest row up there I ever heard."

Let no one suppose that any of our people kept out of the war from timidity, it was simply from an aversion to a racket. Did Colonel Wilson, of Massachusetts, resign before his regiment had smelt gunpowder from a similar tender concern for his tympanum? Many fire-eaters before the war, and many truculent heros since, discovered, during the progress of hostilities, that their sensorium was too delicate to stand a racket. In this, they shewed their sense.

It is well known that General Early was bitterly opposed to the secession movement. The clamor about "the rights in the territories" was his special abhorrence, and many a hot contest was there between him and Jerry M—— on this subject. Johnston's army on the retreat from Centreville passed by the handsome estate of Mr. M——. General Jubal saw his old antagonist looking disconsolately over his broad fields, soon to be ravaged and destroyed by the enemy, and accosted him, "well Jerry, what do you think of *the rights in the territories* this morning?" We have heard that the General used a similar taunt, at the first battle of Manassas, to some secession friends, whom he saw quitting the field rather too hastily. The stubborn fighter thought that the battle-ground was the "territory" in dispute, the "right" to which should not be tamely given up.

Matagorda, Texas, sends an anecdote of the battle of Chickamauga.

On Sunday morning, September 20th, the last day of the battle of Chickamauga, Deshler's brigade of Texans and Arkansans was ordered to move forward against the enemy about 8 or 9 o'clock.—As the brigade emerged from the cover of the timber into an open field, it was saluted with a severe artillery fire, which tore up the earth, cut off tree-tops and mutilated the men in a shocking manner. The field had many dead trees still standing, though sapless and leafless, and whenever a cannon ball or shell struck one of these, wood and iron scattered about in dreadful profusion.—The brigade was not accustomed to an "open field fight" and the terrible noise of the missiles, more than their destructiveness, affected more or less the nerves of the whole command. When about half way across this open space, the brigade was halted for some reason, a few moments. While at a halt, a private in one of the companies was seized with a violent chill, and by order of his captain was placed on a litter and carried swiftly to the rear. A Dutchman, in the same company, observing this and being moved by the diabolical discord of inharmonious sounds made by the bursting shells and hurtling balls, said solemnly to his captain, "och, dunder and blitzen, I would give one tousand tollar for dat *shill!*" He, however, moved bravely on with his regiment and in twenty minutes had his great-toe carried off by a piece of shell. As he was borne to the rear he cried out, with his face all radiant with satisfaction, "danks to Himmel! dis is so better as a *shill*, ya. I gits mine furlough now," and he smacked his lips, as his joy thus found utterance.

It is needless to say that he got his furlough. On its expiration he returned to his regiment and served honorably through the war. He was often heard to say that his toe saved his head.

An officer remarkable for his absent-mindedness was riding on a very slippery road ahead of his staff, when his horse suddenly slipped and fell squarely on his side. Not wishing to be a source

of amusement to the youngsters in the rear he did not look round, but sat in the saddle, till the horse floundered up again. "I have disappointed the boys" thought he. But "the boys," had their revenge. That night as they were gathered around the camp-fire, one of them said, "General, your horse is very muddy." "Yes," replied he, "but he is not hurt, fell in soft mud." "We thought you had not noticed his fall!" "Well boys, you have got the better of me after all."

We have received a verbal account of the mortal wounding of the intrepid cavalry leader, General J. B. Gordon. Sheridan was attempting to capture Richmond by a sudden dash in the rear of Lee's army. Gordon had succeeded in throwing his own command into Richmond and had taken post at Brooke Church. To encourage the local troops, by his presence and example, he rode out to the skirmish line with one single attendant, John Moore, a gallant young man of Gaston county, North Carolina. The two while riding slowly along the line of infantry were exposed to the concentrated fire of the enemy. Gordon at length turned to young Moore and said calmly, "I am wounded bring a surgeon to me *here*, I cannot leave my post to go to him." When Moore returned with the surgeon the local troops had retreated and Gordon was alone, lying on his back holding with his unwounded arm the bridle of his horse, which, frightened by the whizzing of the balls, was plunging wildly around him. Gordon was lifted on him and held by his two friends. The enemy was firing very rapidly, but with bad aim at the three as they retired. Moore received a dozen balls in his clothing and equipments, but neither he nor his horse were hurt. As they passed to the rear, Gordon's men hearing of his wound came rushing to him. He spoke cheeringly to them all, said that he was not much hurt, and exhorted them to hold their ground.—Many of the brave fellows never saw their beloved leader again.—The chivalrous officer never led his splendid brigade any more.—He slept his last sleep in the city which he died to save.

A Virginia boy was taunted by some U. S. soldiers with the raggedness of the rebels. "Oh," retorted the lad, "our boys don't put on their store-clothes when they go out to whip yankees, it is too dirty work!"

A lady, Miss M. A. B., writes to us from Charleston, South Carolina, that when General Hampton was complimented as saving Richmond, he replied "it was not due to me but my gallant North Carolina cavalry." In the summer of 1863, Cooke's North Carolina brigade defeated Getty at the North Anna bridge and saved Richmond. The principal fighting then fell upon that fine soldier, Colonel Singletary, of the 44th North Carolina regiment. Richmond did not seem to know her obligations to Cooke, Singletary and Gordon.—We hope that the true historian will do them justice.

The blunders in type are, sometimes, very curious. In the last number of Haversack, the manuscript said that the capture of Northern horses had *impaired* the efficiency of the C. S. Cavalry.—The types, on the contrary, said that it had *improved* the efficiency. Until our editorial experience, we did not know the meaning of the word, printer's *devil*.

EDITORIAL.

The report of the Battle of Manassas was sent to this Magazine by Gen. Johnston. The military papers, previously published by us, had never before been in print.—This Report is made an exception to our rule, because of the limited circulation it has hitherto had, and because of the general interest felt in it.

Prof. Henry Reed in his valuable treatise on "English Literature" has some admirable thoughts on cheerfulness and healthful amusements. "It was a wretched delusion when Stoicism strove to stiffen humanity into stone; and so, in later days, there was a like wrong when Puritanism looked black upon natural, healthful, innocent cheerfulness, frighting the joyous temper of a people with a frown, which I believe to this day haunts the race both in Britain and America, to an extent which is irrational, unchristian, and of course injurious, by abandoning what is festive to the world's keeping, instead of retaining them under better and safer influences. It was Wesley, I believe, who said that he had no idea of allowing the devil to monopolize all the good tunes; and it is certain that the same personage (I don't mean Wesley) will be ready enough to furnish to the needs of men holidays of his own contriving, if no other provision be made for what is a lawful and natural craving of toiling humanity. There will be, too, a literature of wicked wit to fascinate and poison men, unless that of a truthful and healthful kind be cultivated."

The felt want of amusement has been exhibited in all countries and in all ages of the world. The feasts of the Israelites, the games of the Greeks, Romans and other nations of antiquity provided for this want. The British, the most serious and conservative people in Europe, are the most boisterous and irreverent in their sports.—The sober, plodding Germans have their national pastimes and diversions. Great thinkers have felt the need of some consolation during the toils of study, or of some relaxation from its drudgery.—Bacon composed to the sound of sweet music and while inhaling the most fragrant of perfumes.—Luther, when wearied with labor, played on some musical instrument or read Esop's fables. And so we might multiply instances, but a notable case in point will happily illustrate the whole.—When the Bowery boy hit Butler in the stomach with an apple while attempting to address a crowd in New York, the great chieftain said that he, (B. F. B.) who had smelt gunpowder, was not afraid of a city rabble. That sprightly French paper the *Renaissance* of New Orleans says that "the apple was the only thing in the shape of a bullet, to which the General had ever been exposed."

The incident is very instructive as corroborating the views of Prof. Reed. The Bowery boy after the wearisome labor of the day, wanted a little fun that night, and so he threw the apple as a joke, intimating that as the General had the *spoons*, he was prepared to enjoy *apple-sauce*. Butler in his reply showed himself to be vastly more jocose than the Bowery boy. In fact that little myth about smelling gunpowder is the richest piece of fun ever got up on this continent. When Dr. Hoge, of Richmond, Va., told Carlyle that the good people of New York were hanging negroes upon the lamp-posts, while the armies of the

Union were fighting for their liberation, the eccentric Scotchman laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks and pronounced it "the grimest joke of all the ages."—But there is a raciness about Butler's joke, which gives it the pre-eminence over all the good things ever said by all the wits in America. Wearied with burning the imperial city, Nero refreshed himself with playing the fiddle.—Tired with tearing Christians limb from limb, that other Roman monster recreated himself with pulling off the legs and heads of flies. So Benjamin, exhausted with bloody speeches and bloody threats against the people of the South, seeks diversion in a huge joke.—We regard his witticism as the most eloquent and effective plea ever made for popular amusement. Nothing could more effectually demonstrate the necessity of occasional facetiousness, in order to refresh and reinvigorate the over-taxed brain. The bow kept constantly bent will become loose and worthless, The over-used *spoon* will at length hold no *pap*.

"Are the Yankees dying out?" is the heading of an article in the Boston *Pilot*. It seems that Dr. Nathan Allen, of Lowell, Mass., has been giving some startling statistics in an address upon "the perpetuation and improvement of human stock."

The lecture will serve to explain a remarkable fact noticed all over the South, viz: that since emancipation, not one-fifth as many negro children have been born as in the same period in former years. Oh, ye school-marms of Massachusetts, when will the full results of your teachings be known!

"The district to which Dr. Allen's inquiries apply has been settled about 200 years, and its history will include some six generations. From actual examination, it is found that the families composing the first generation averaged eight children each; the next three generations averaged about seven to each family; the fifth generation about four and a half, and the sixth less than three for each family; while the generation now coming upon the stage is not doing so well as that. 'What a change,' moralizes the doctor, 'as to the size of the family now and in former times!—Then large families were common—now it is the exception; then it was rare to find married persons having only one, two, and three children—now it is very common! Then it was regarded as a calamity for a married couple to have no children; but now we find such calamities on every side of us—in fact, they are fashionable!' Dr. Allen finds, from a census of the State in 1765—just one hundred years ago—that almost one-half of the population in the towns he has already alluded to was under fifteen years of age, but now there is not one-fifth of the American population made up from this class. 'If there shall continue to be every year,' concludes the doctor, 'more deaths than births—if the families now upon the stage average less than three children each, and these in each successive generation have, on an average, a less and less number—if only about three-fifths of those born even live to an adult age, to say nothing about the decrease in marriages, it is pretty evident that the Yankee race is destined to run out.'"

The Boston *Pilot* goes on to explain the cause of the decline in native-born population and thus mildly alludes to it:

"These, certainly, are facts calculated to arrest the attention—not only of the political economist, but the moralist. It cannot be said that the general vigor of the race is deteriorating, for the average duration of human life is greater than it was a century ago; but that a habit of lax morality, especially among females, in using means to destroy conception, has grown up in our community. If this is not so, how does it happen that of the 35,445 births in Massachusetts, in 1859, more than one-half were children of foreign parents—that is, that 25,000 foreigners produced more children than 1,000,000 of the native-born! The reflections of Dr. Allen suggest some curious results that are likely to be realized. 'If,' says the Springfield *Republican*, 'this decrease of native population, and rapid increase of foreigners is to go on, it will not take many years to produce a radical change in the population of Massachusetts, and the State will pass into the control of citizens of other nationalities and another religion.' The *Republican* does not attempt to disguise one of the reasons we have suggested for the decrease in the native population, and argues that 'it is owing, in some degree, to the *monstrous modern devices by which maternity is evaded*.'"

It is not strange that the sins of the South should press heavily upon the consciences of this immacu-

late people. It is not strange that they should teach their negro pupils the same lessons they have practised themselves.

A friend once related to the writer of this an incident, which occurred in the U. S. Senate, when there were statesmen in the then dignified body of men. Mr. Calhoun was making one of his close, compact, logical arguments when he discovered by the Speaker's eye that he was not understood. Seeing the same look of vacancy on the countenances of other Senators, he turned and addressed himself to Mr. Webster. An answering gleam of intelligence from the face of the great "Expounder" shewed him that he was followed. He would occasionally stop until a nod from Mr. Webster assured him that all was comprehended. Thus the communing continued for nearly an hour between these mighty minds, no one else comprehending the subject under discussion. It was a strange and impressive scene, and none like it may ever be expected to be witnessed in the same locality again. Will the themes ever again be so lofty and the handling of them so profound as to put them beyond the reach of the common mind?

Although the two great statesmen above alluded to differed essentially in their views of the theory and policy of Government, yet on many subjects their opinions were the same. In speaking of the abolitionists, Mr. Webster said:

"If these infernal fanatics and abolitionists ever get the power in their hands, they will over ride the Constitution, set the Supreme Court at defiance, change and make laws to suit themselves, lay violent hands on those who differ with them in opinion and dare question their infallibility, and finally bankrupt the country and deluge it in blood."

Any one will be struck with the resemblance between this prediction and many similar ones made by Mr. Calhoun. When Massachusetts glories in the fame of her great lawyer, orator and statesman, does she ever think of his prophecy? Does she remember in her fierce tirade against slavery that she first introduced slaves from Africa? Does she ever reflect in her holy zeal against rebels, traitors and secessionists that she was the first to broach the doctrine of secession on this continent? When the purchase of Louisiana was under discussion in Congress in 1803, a member from Massachusetts said, "if this bill pass, the Union is virtually dissolved; and as it will be the duty of some of the States, so it will be with all to prepare for a separation; amicably if we can; forcibly if we must." This was seventeen years after the rebellion of Daniel Shays and shows that the rebellious spirit was still rife in his State; exhibited more forcibly, too, by the other fact that all his persecutors were forever under the ban in Massachusets. Eleven years later, in 1814, this rebel-hating State took the lead in the Hartford Convention and boldly preached the doctrine of State-rights and resistance to arbitrary power in the central Government. Listen to the language then used. "*The sovereignty reserved to the States, was reserved to protect the citizens from acts of violence committed by the United States*, as well as for purposes of domestic regulation. We spurn the idea that the *free, sovereign and independent State of Massachusetts is reduced to a mere municipal corporation*, without power to protect its people or to defend them from oppression, from whatever quarter it comes. Wherever the national compact is violated, and the citizens of this State oppressed by cruel and unauthorized enactments, *this Legislature is bound to interpose its power, and to wrest from the oppressor its victim. This is the spirit of our Union.*"

It is not clear whether the remedy here proposed against Federal

aggression is nullification or secession, but it is very plain that Massachusetts was eighteen years ahead of South Carolina in declaring the doctrine of State sovereignty. The good people of Massachusetts cannot denounce the sin of slavery and of treason and rebellion without stultifying their past record and casting odium upon the memory of their ancestors. We can not believe in the sincerity of their present professions. It is not the Southern *rebel* but the Southern *man* whom they hate.—It is not a Government protecting the rights and interests of the whole people, which they love, but a Government fattening them with protective tariffs and with fishing and navigation bounties. Their nationality has no broader reach than the love of the little boy. "Whom do you love, Tommy?" "Me loves me." "Whom else do you love, Tommy?" "Me loves Tommy!" Self is the first and self is the last object of idolatry with the philanthropist of Boston and Cape Cod. He is fiercely national just now, because the nation panders to his interests. But let his civil rights or his property be interfered with, and he will speedily revive the old doctrine of State-rights, State-sovereignty, nullification and secession. The parent will love his own child, though the world frown upon that child. Her own offspring must still be dear to Massachusetts.

And here we must give credit to this glorious State for an expression, which has given offence to some of our readers, who write to us you must not use that word "rebel." The early impressions of childhood are hard to efface. We had then read how Massachusetts most honored two "rebels," John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who were especially excepted from the "Amnesty Proclamation." We read too, how Virginia revered the rebel Washington, the rebel Henry, the rebel Jefferson and hundreds of others. In our innocence, the epithet did not seem a discreditable one, and 'tis hard to get rid of the old association of ideas of rebellion with courage, patriotism, and unselfishness. We are teachable, however, and will try to learn the modern lesson. The big blacksmith allowed his wife to flog him, because he said, it pleased her and did not hurt him. If the word "rebel" pleases our "late enemies" and does us no harm, why not let them enjoy it? They need a little fun as well as Butler and the Bowery boy.

Mrs. Spencer in her "Last Ninety Days" has refreshed our mind about a historical fact, which we had forgotten, viz: that the celebrated Albert Gallatin took an active part in the "Whiskey Insurrection." Mr. Gallatin after this rebellion, became a member of the Lower House of Congress, Senator of the United States, one of the Commissioners to Ghent, Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, Minister of the United States successively at the Courts of France, the Netherlands and Great Britain. In short, the ex-rebel was one of the most highly honored men in the history of the Government against which he rebelled. As Mrs. Spencer's book is destined to run through many editions, we hope that she will supply an important omission in the future issues. She has not told us how Mr. G. was "reconstructed." Were the rebel buttons cut off his coat? Did he take the "amnesty oath?" Was he put on "probation" awhile? As he was engaged in a "whiskey insurrection," was the temperance pledge forced upon him and did he promise to drink no more whiskey? These are all interesting questions to us poor unpardoned rebels. We have no Congressional, no Cabinet and no Diplomatic aspirations; but we want to

harmonize and to be reconstructed, and we are all willing to be "put through" (as the classic Mr. Brownlow expresses it,) just as Mr. Gallatin was put through.—There may be some little grumbling with some of our military leaders, about the temperance pledge; but with the present scarcity of greenbacks in Dixie and with the high price of whiskey, we hope that even that will be swallowed since the *other thing* cannot be. Mrs. Spencer will oblige thousands of readers in this part of the would-be United States by explaining Mr. Gallatin's loyalizing process.

We have received a letter from two "intelligent" freedmen (we had almost written "contrabands") quite complimentary to the Southern proclivities of this Magazine, and enclosing ten dollars in Confederate money for two copies. Now since the Editor became a loyal citizen there is nothing about the dead Confederacy, which he has so consistently and uniformly repudiated and despised as the rebel currency. He never feels so truly repentant of the rebellion, as when he sees a pile of these "promises to pay," laid away in a closet, until Maximilian shall redeem them, according to the vague intimation of Bill Arp. But if his colored friends doubt his present fealty to the United States, he offers to exchange these ten dollars of the odious rebel money for five dollars in loyal green-backs. The letter is post-marked "Greensboro, N. C." but the heading within is "Grinsbury." This may only indicate a little *green*-ness in spelling, but we think that it has a deeper significance. The negro used to be full of fun, jokes, frolic and *grins*. He is now gloomy, morose and unhappy, His *grins* are all *buried* and therefore *Grinsbury* is a significant name for any locality, where the poor creature may be. There may be another meaning attached to it. We know that when "the man and brother" can spell, he usually spells the Bureau (of blessed memory) thus, *bury*. Grins-bury may then only be a new name for the "Blessed Bureau,"—a Bury or Bureau of grins and of fun-poking at the honest fanatic and true friend of the negro. It may be a huge joke, but how grim a one to the unfortunate African can never be known by the world, till we get Mrs. Stowe's life of the saint of Newbern, N. C., Parson Fritz.—We hope that the biography of this "Apostle of Liberty" will not long be kept back from the public. It will interest the humanitarian to learn how this godly Parson could hang up "a man and a brother" by the thumbs for hours under a sultry summer sun, and then smack his lips with holy thankfulness that he was not such an one as the poor publican, an ex-slave holder. "Oh liberty! how many crimes have been committed in thy name!" "Oh false philanthropy, thou child of the pit of darkness, how much awful wickedness meets thy approving smile!" Satan is never so powerful for mischief as when "transformed into an angel of light." Oh, Grinsbury! founded in wisdom, piety and benevolence, may you never transform the *grins* of a once happy people into *groans* of despair!

It has been suggested that the reverend Jacobins from the South do not talk politics with their new allies, (as intimated in our last No.) but discuss only *spirit*-ual subjects. We are inclined to think that this is very likely; but at the same time, we have our doubts as to the correctness of the spelling of the last syllable of the above adjective.

BOOK NOTICES.

DISCOURSES OF REDEMPTION.—By Rev. Stuart Robinson, Louisville, Ky., A. Davidson.

This is a great book, great in conception, plan and arrangement; great in the unfolding of evangelical truths, and great in what Cowper, speaking of Milton, calls "the majestic simplicity of language." It is refreshing in these days when so-called divines are mad after something new and startling to be led back into the old paths and to be told the precious old truths in a simple and intelligible manner. There are whole chapters worthy of the genius of the elder Alexander, and expressed in his clear unadorned style. There is nothing in the book to gratify the morbid longing after novelty, but every thing to meet the wish of the earnest inquirer after the teachings of the Scriptures. The undisguised sectarianism of the volume will make it all the more acceptable to the writer's own denomination.—But we are disposed to regret that a book so full of lofty thoughts and noble views should contain expressions which will make it less acceptable to those of a different creed. There is enough of common ground in the great doctrine of redemption for all to occupy, who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth. The works of Dr. Archibald Alexander, which have been most blessed to other denominations have not done the less good to his own.—The 14th Discourse on the Crucifixion of Jesus is full of pathos, piety, and earnest gospel truth. We wish that the whole world could read it, the sceptic and believer, the godless and the devout. The christian would be comforted, the infidel would be awed, if not convinced. Surely, the most hardened could not read this description of the scene of love and sorrow without adoring reverence for the spotless sufferer.

Our limits forbid us from giving more than one extract from this valuable book, but that is one of vast importance to the clergy and to the church of our Lord Jesus Christ. "Preach,—not learning, philosophy, ethics, political economy—but 'the gospel.' And fashion your gospel, not to the aesthetics of the refined, with stilted rhetorical step; not to the whimsical demands of the caviller with learned air; not to the exactions of the scientific sceptic with profound philosophic phrase. Aim at the capacities of the masses; the poor in spirit, poor in learning, poor in taste; and whatever the schools may think, the gospel from you 'made the power of God unto salvation,' shall certify your skill 'as workmen that need not be ashamed.' The two grand requisites of the preacher's office are, therefore, first, that he preach the gospel, nothing else; second, a gospel addressed to the capacities of the masses."

Would that the clergy every where could hear and would heed this solemn advice. Who can hear without loathing and disgust a sermon, when it is plain that the speaker is preaching himself and not his Master, and is more concerned about the smoothness of his periods and the gracefulness of his gestures, than about the salvation of sou's? Poor vain fool! better, a million times better, for him and for the world, had he never been born. But, oh! what a fearful responsibility will be upon him, if instead of preaching a gospel of peace and love, he stirs up his people to "hatred, malice and

all uncharitableness." Who can doubt that the war, which has so desolated the land and corrupted the morals of the people, was excited by the political preachers? Not upon the politicians, but upon these prophets of Belial rests the accountability for this ocean of blood. The writer of this never heard a political sermon before the war, only one during it, and he has heard none since. There are but few Southern churches, which would permit their pulpits to be desecrated and their Sabbaths to be profaned by such wickedness.

THE COTTON QUESTION. By Wm. J. Barbee, M. D., of De-Soto County, Miss. New York, Metropolitan Office, 1866.

This is a book of real, sterling value. We can not see how the inexperienced planter, beginning for the first time the culture of cotton will be able to succeed without some such guide. To a man of this class, the book would be worth fifty times the cost of it.—Here he will find the history of cotton, a description of the soil best adapted to its growth, instructions in regard to its culture, an account of the diseases to which it is subjected, and elegant plates showing the shape, size and appearance of the insects, which destroy it. The book has been prepared after consulting the best authorities, the geological surveys of four cotton States, DeBow's Review, Wilson's Ornithology, Audubon's quadrupeds of America, &c., &c. If there is any more trust-worthy and instructive book on the subject of cotton, we have not had the pleasure of seeing it. There is only one deficiency, which we regret. Among his pictures of the "*enemies* of cotton," why has not the author given us a likeness of the big enemy, the "Blessed Bureau?" Has he slyly done this in the central figure of the plate facing page 160? Is that big, ugly worm with the rapacious mouth intended to be the representative? The mouth looks greedy enough to have swallowed many a "*fine*" —leaf of cotton.

We have received from R. Sterling, Esq., of Greensboro, N. C., the first five volumes of "OUR OWN SERIES" of SOUTHERN SCHOOL BOOKS. These are all beautifully printed, on excellent paper and are very handsomely illustrated. We are delighted with every thing about the "SERIES." The matter is excellent and the method admirable. The books deserve a place in every primary school in the country. We endorse them most cordially.

HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN THE TIMES OF CALVIN. By J. H. Merle D'Aubign', Robert Carter and Brothers, N. York.

We have received from the American publishers four handsome volumes with the above title. Doubtless, they will be as acceptable to Protestant readers, as the previous works of the same author, of the Reformation in Germany under Luther. In the preface, the author says that he has made an arrangement with the Messrs. Carter for the publication of an American edition, of his History of the Reformation in Switzerland, and earnestly implores American publishers not to get up "pirated" editions of his works. We hope that this appeal will not be in vain. A surreptitious edition would be a double wrong, a fraud upon both Publisher and Author. The four volumes are in the very best style of American publication.

From Robert Carter and Brothers, we have received quite a valuable set of books all got up in the most creditable manner.—In the next No. of the Magazine, we hope to notice them more at length. For the present, we can only give their names.

HYMNS OF FAITH AND HOPE.—Horatio Bonar, D. D.

GOD'S WAY OF HOLINESS. Horatius Bonar, D. D.

THE BOW IN THE CLOUD. J. R. MacDuff, D. D.

THE PATHWAY OF PROMISE.

ABLE TO SAVE.

HEAVEN OPENED. Mrs. Mary Winslow, edited by her son Octavius Winslow, D. D.

MORNING AND NIGHT WATCHES. J. R. MacDuff, D. D.

MIND AND WORDS OF JESUS. J. R. MacDuff, D. D.

VOICES OF THE SOUL. Rev. John Reid.

NOTES ON GENESIS. Melancthon W. Jacobus.

We have as yet, given a very superficial examination of these elegantly finished volumes, but we have read enough to satisfy us of the great merit of them all except that by Rev. John Reid.

The three volumes of MacDuff reached us on the night of a sore bereavement. We have found them very precious.

IN MEMORIAM is a neat pamphlet containing the Resolutions and Addresses in the Legislature of South Carolina, upon the announcement of the death of the noble General Elliott, the hero of Fort Sumter.

It was the privilege of the writer of this to know General E. and there was not one in the Confederate service, whom he more enthusiastically admired. Brave as a lion, modest as a girl, conscientious as a martyr of the primitive church, untiring in the discharge of duty, he had the respect of his seniors in rank, and the love of his own men.

One incident is mentioned in one of these addresses, which the writer heard from the General's own lips. At the close of the war, he found himself without money and his magnificent estate in the possession of the "Blessed Bureau." In sight of his own house, he for months procured a livelihood for his wife and children by his own labor as a fisherman.—The fish were sold to the yankee soldiers, who, he said, always treated him with great respect, addressed him as General and never seemed to think that the cause of the Union would be put in peril by the brass buttons on his coat. He spoke of these months as the happiest of his life. Gen. Foster, who had been his antagonist at Sumter, made personal exertions to secure his pardon and reinstatement to his property. This only shows that the really brave are ever magnanimous. The malignant and rancorous men are the bummers and the "bottled up."

THE MYRTLE AND PALM is a beautiful prize poem delivered before the St. Louis Relief Association. It will take rank next to BEECHENBROOK among the rare gems produced by the war. It is for sale by Matt. R. Cullen, of St. Louis.

We have received the CONSTITUTION and BY LAWS of the TENNESSEE ORPHAN ASYLUM SOCIETY. Mrs. G. A. Henry, of Clarksville, Tenn. is the President. To become a member, an annual payment of $5 is required; for life-membership, a single payment of $25; for honorary membership, a single payment of $100. The object of the Society is "the parental guardianship of children left orphans and destitute by the casualties of war." With all our heart, we commend the noble enterprize.

DEBOW'S REVIEW, Nashville, Tennessee, $6 per annum.

We welcome among our exchanges this old favorite of the public. Nothing has ever been